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LESLIE'S WEEKLY



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

STANDING BY THE CASKET OF THE LATE PRESIDENT, AS THE BODY LAY IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL AT BUFFALO.—DRAWN FOR
"LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY T. DART WALKER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.

THE 20TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
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Two Kinds of Anarchists.

(Specially Contributed to Leslie's Weekly by the Rev.
Washington Gladden.)THE REV. WASHINGTON
GLADDEN.

ANARCHISTIC ideas, in the violent form, prevail in this country to a very limited extent. Anarchists are divided into two classes—the intellectual or theoretical anarchists, whose idea it is that the power of government should gradually be lessened until it is practically extinct, but who do not approve of violence, and the revolutionary anarchists, who propose to wipe out all

existing social and political institutions. Count Tolstoi is an anarchist of the first type, and his fundamental principle is non-resistance. He does not believe in any kind of force or compulsion. Prince Kropotkin, as I understand, is an anarchist of this type; he does not, I believe, approve of violence, though he did make a speech to the Haymarket anarchists in Chicago, which they applauded. I do not know what he said.

The other group of revolutionary anarchists has nests in several places—in Paterson and Hoboken, N. J., in some portions of New York City, in Chicago, and probably in other cities where Italians, Poles, and Russians congregate. I think that their numbers are small. Anarchy has not even threatened to assume the proportions of an insurrection. The valorous offer of the old soldiers to volunteer for its suppression is patriotic but superfluous. There is no need of an army. The police can manage the business anywhere.

The intellectual anarchism is not at all a dangerous thing, so long as it sticks to its principles. The belief that that is the best government which governs least is a common and harmless belief. The motto under the title of the old *Congressional Globe* used to be: "The World Is Governed Too Much." Herbert Spencer and his school of political philosophers may be called anarchists; they believe in constantly restricting the sphere of government.

This is a rather belated theory, for all the tendencies are toward the extension, rather than the restriction, of the sphere of government; but there is no harm in preaching it if one believes it. If one doesn't believe in the use of force, and refuses to use it himself, and does all that he can to dissuade others from using it, I do not see that he is a dangerous person in society. It will be well for anarchists of this class to find another name. All we can ask of them is that they keep themselves free from all relations with those of the other class. No man has any right to make a speech to a gang of assassins for any other purpose than to denounce assassination.

But these revolutionary anarchists, the anarchists of the pistol, the poniard, and the running noose; the anarchists who are opposed to government because it uses force, but whose entire programme consists in the use of force in the most cowardly and infernal ways—these are the people who are outside the pale of reason and humanity; their words and deeds prove them impervious to all rational and humane motives; they are the sworn foes of society, and it is absurd for society to harbor and protect combinations of men whose only purpose in life is the destruction of the order which protects them. Society must, in its own defense, do what it can to make such combinations impossible. It is preposterous to say that society has not the right of self-protection. Any legal refinements which stand in the way of this primary right should be swept away.

Legal action should be taken by both the national and State governments. The national government should

(Continued on page 291.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Sympathy of a United People.

THE solidarity of thought and feeling among the American people has been signally evidenced in the way that they have borne themselves since the murder of their beloved President. In the expressions of horror, grief, and indignation over this atrocious crime the voice of the people has been as one; all sections, factions, and parties have been entirely lost to sight in view of the appalling calamity.

In no quarter of the Union have the expressions of sorrow and mourning for the departed chief magistrate been more strong, fervent, and sincere than in the South. It was a camp of Confederate veterans in session at Columbia, S. C., that unanimously adopted a resolution "praying God in His infinite mercy, if He so will it, that such a calamity as the death of the faithful head of our government be averted, and that the President may yet be spared to fulfill the great mission in the government for which he has been appointed by its people and which he has so far so faithfully performed." And it was Governor Candler, of Georgia, who said: "I served with the President in Congress six years. He was one of God's noblemen. He is a clean man, an honest man, and a great man. A Federal soldier, all Confederate soldiers respected and honored him. He has done more to bridge the bloody chasm between the sections than any man since Lee and his veterans surrendered."

Words of similar character have been uttered by many other representative Southern men. These only serve to show that the nation is truly one at heart to-day, and that that heart beats true. If the result of this national affliction shall be to further soften political animosities and make an end of personal detraction and abuse, it will be only another illustration of the great truth that the "wrath of man" may sometimes be made to serve the noblest and divinest ends.

Government by Assassination.

SHALL the rule of the anarchist supplant the rule of order and civilization throughout the world? That is the question which the murder of Premier Canovas, of the Empress Elizabeth, of President Carnot and King Humbert brought to the lips of men. It is the question now which faces the American people in view of the awful deed committed at Buffalo.

The wretch who took the life of our great and beloved President confesses himself to be an anarchist, a disciple of a certain notorious woman who has been going about this country in recent years preaching the doctrines of blood and lawlessness. Czolgosz says that it was this creature's lectures on anarchism which incited him to the deed.

These admissions are enough to call for and to justify a new and radical departure in the treatment of anarchists in this country. They have been treated too leniently; they have been allowed too much freedom of thought and action. Liberty to them has meant unlawful license. They have taken advantage of the shelter afforded by our laws to abuse their liberties. Under cover of these things they have pushed forward their propaganda of blood and hate. It was here, as all the world now knows, that the plot was hatched which resulted in the murder of King Humbert of Italy.

We are now reaping the bitter harvest of this sowing. The same spirit which prompted the assassins of Humbert and Carnot nerved the hand of Czolgosz. He belongs to the same brood and confesses his kinship. The nest of vipers which we have been nourishing has sent out one of its number to strike down our chief executive, and the foul deed has been done. For that crime of crimes anarchy with all its bestial following may be justly held responsible, and the whole aggregation of brutes and fanatics should be made to suffer for it.

It should not count for them that under the fear inspired in their cowardly breasts by the fierce outcry of an outraged and horrified people, they deny complicity in the deed, deny that Czolgosz is one of their number, should even profess through some of their mouthpieces that they deplore the action. Czolgosz himself declares that he is an anarchist and that it was the teachings of anarchy which inspired him.

If there are no existing statutes which apply to this growing crowd of anarchists let such statutes be provided as soon as our legislatures can meet. An avowed anarchist is more dangerous than a wild beast and should no more be allowed to roam at large than a tiger from the jungle.

To tolerate the existence of such beings is an abuse of free government. We owe it to the civilized world and we owe it to ourselves to move against anarchy and the anarchists with every power that outraged humanity can devise. We are far behind the other great nations in this matter. Now let us take the lead!

The Plain Truth.

ENGLAND is mourning over a declining birthrate; France is feeling badly because of a falling off in population, and Canada is chagrined because her latest census returns show a much smaller increase of population than she had expected. Russia, Italy, and Spain are appar-

ently losing ground also in this same direction. It is only in the United States that census returns are an occasion for mutual rejoicings and congratulations. Here the figures of the census-takers are always full of happy surprises, of astonishing disclosures of the right kind. America is still a good place to live in, the anti-imperialists to the contrary notwithstanding.

President Roosevelt has often been charged, in the course of his remarkable public career, with a tendency to immoderation in speech and impulsiveness in conduct. But his severest critics can have no fault to find with him in the trying and delicate situation in which he has recently been placed. From the moment that he was first apprised of the foul deed at Buffalo, Mr. Roosevelt has conducted himself in a manly, dignified, and characteristically straightforward way. His discretion has been equalled only by his kindness and sympathy. No one has ever had reason to doubt Mr. Roosevelt's absolute sincerity or the high quality and genuineness of his moral and intellectual attributes. Neither can any deny to him now that quality of self-control so essential to one who aspired to be a national leader and who has become so now by force of circumstance.

A strange note of discord, and the only one in the universal sympathy expressed for President McKinley, while he lay upon a bed of pain, came from Ireland. The common council of the city of Cork listened to a resolution of sympathy for the President, proposed by Sir John Scott. It had to be withdrawn because a labor member, Alderman Cave, opposed it, on the ground that President McKinley had been a friend of Great Britain but not of Ireland. Thousands of Irish-Americans, who held distinguished public offices under President McKinley, testify to the friendship the late President always manifested for the oppressed of all races. He was, indeed, a friend of Great Britain, but he was the friend of every enlightened nation. It is doubtful if any other Republican President ever received as many votes from the Irish-American element of the country as did President McKinley. The churlish opposition of the Cork alderman, therefore, deserves the general contempt with which it was received.

Fate is peculiar. It knows better than we do what is best for us. It fixes our destiny without our knowledge, and often against our will. William McKinley's most vigorous battle was his contest for the speakership with Thomas B. Reed, in 1890, which Reed won. According to custom, Mr. Reed made his distinguished opponent chairman of the Ways and Means committee, and thus it was that the protective-tariff measure drafted by that committee, largely through the influence of Mr. McKinley, came to be popularly known as "the McKinley bill." This made McKinley the champion of the working masses, the candidate of his party for President, and finally gave him a triumphant election and re-election for the office of chief magistrate. At the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, a little over a year ago, the party leaders of New York insisted that Governor Roosevelt must accept the tender of the Vice-Presidency. He resolutely declined, insisting that he was entitled to re-election to the Governorship. The party leaders of New York, aided by those of Pennsylvania and several other States, forced the nomination of Roosevelt, and then compelled his reluctant acceptance. Scarcely six months have elapsed since his inauguration, and he is now the President of the United States, with nearly a full term to serve. This is destiny, and who shall say that the Fates are always unkind?

Few citizens of New York have a full and adequate realization even yet of the enormous resources of Tammany Hall, and of its numerical strength when it comes to a test at the polls. Mr. Ludwig Nissen, chairman of an anti-Tammany meeting in Brooklyn the other night, put the whole case in a nutshell when he called attention to the fact that there are 50,000 city employes in the metropolis who will be expected, as a matter of course, to vote for the Tammany candidates, and that every one of this 50,000 can doubtless influence one vote besides his own, making 100,000 "solid" for Tammany at the very outset. To these may be safely and certainly added, said Mr. Nissen, 100,000 more votes from certain classes whose business or pursuits are such as to lead them to prefer the Tammany system of government to any other. Here, then, is a total of 200,000 votes to be placed in the Tammany column to start with, and without making any fight whatever. In other words, Mr. Croker can command at least one-third of the total 600,000 votes in New York for his candidates by the simple process of giving them tickets to put in the ballot-boxes. He needs, then, to win only one vote out of every four of the remaining respectable 400,000 to secure a majority for his candidates—an achievement, it must be conceded, not without elements of hopefulness and possibility for a man of his resourcefulness. The situation thus depicted should not discourage the anti-Tammany forces. It only emphasizes the need of union and harmony.



MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD ON HER YACHT.

—No reader of the tragical event as it occurred on that black Friday afternoon at Buffalo, and the events



MR. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FAITHFUL SECRETARY.

of the anxious days following, can fail to have been touched and impressed with the implicit and affectionate trust imposed by the wounded President in his secretary, Mr. George B. Cortelyou. Next to his solicitude for Mrs. McKinley, the President's thought in the moment of his peril and distress turned to Mr. Cortelyou, and the latter's name was the first that sprang to the lips of the stricken man when he felt the need of instant help and protection. And so through the critical hours and days that afterward passed no other one stood quite so near the chief magistrate as his faithful and beloved secretary. It was Mr. Cortelyou who ordered and arranged for the first operation at the emergency hospital, who superintended the removal to the Milburn residence, who had charge of the public bulletins, who, in brief, managed everything, and all quietly, modestly, and yet with the firmness and energy of a master hand. No finer tribute could be paid to the secretary as a man and a friend than has thus been paid by President McKinley. For in times of stress and sudden danger men turn naturally and instinctively to those in whose loyalty and devotion they have the greatest trust.

—A solemn and impressive scene was that enacted in the home of Mr. Ansley Wilcox at Buffalo on the afternoon of Saturday, September 14th, when the oath of office was administered to President Theodore Roosevelt by Judge John R. Hazel, of the United States District Court. The ceremony took place a few minutes after three o'clock. Among those present were all the members of President McKinley's Cabinet except Secretaries Hay and Gage, Secretary Cortelyou, Senator Depew, and a number



JUDGE JOHN R. HAZEL, WHO ADMINISTERED THE OATH OF OFFICE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

of Mr. Roosevelt's personal friends. Secretary Root announced that he had been requested in behalf of the Cabinet of the late President to ask Mr. Roosevelt that he should take the constitutional oath of office of President of the United States. To this the Vice-President replied, saying that he would take the oath at once in response to their request, and that it would be his aim "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country." Judge Hazel then stepped forward with an engrossed copy of the oath in his hand, and Mr. Roosevelt, raising his right hand, repeated after him the following words: "I Theodore Roosevelt, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Mr. Roosevelt then attached his signature to the oath, and the ceremony was over. A new administration then began its existence, a new chapter in American history was then opened. All those who took part in these momentous proceedings were deeply and visibly affected by the sad and tragic circumstances by which they were surrounded. When Secretary

Root rose to speak his voice choked and he was unable to proceed for several moments, and Mr. Roosevelt had great difficulty in governing his voice and keeping down his emotion, while tears streamed down the eyes of all the others present. Judge Hazel, who administered the oath, was formerly a member of the Buffalo Bar and was appointed to his present position by President McKinley last February.

—The Montreal correspondent of the London Times in some personal impressions of President Roosevelt compares him to Lord Cromer, famed throughout the world as the "maker of modern Egypt." He says they are much of the same type. Both have the same bull-dog jaw, the same quick, impatient yet tolerant look in the eyes. Both, too, have the same way of brushing aside irrelevant detail and going right to the bottom of a difficulty. Both have been open to the charge of rash utterances under provocation, and some infirmity of temper. Lord Cromer began public life, as did President Roosevelt, in his early manhood, and, like the latter, has led a strenuous career, being always somewhere in the thick of the fight. If he has been aggressive and impetuous like our young chief magistrate he has always been tremendously in earnest, and has accomplished a marvelous amount of valuable and enduring work. He has made the desert places in Egypt to blossom literally "as the rose" and brought that ancient seat of civilization almost up to date in every material aspect.



ENGLAND'S ROOSEVELT—LORD CROMER, OF EGYPT.

—France rejoices to-day in the possession of a young man who has the skill, the strength, and the physical endurance which enabled him recently to make the astonishing record with a bicycle of 745 miles in the space of fifty-two consecutive hours. The name of the man is M. Garin. He is a native of Roubaix, France, and is thirty



M. GARIN, THE WONDERFUL FRENCH CYCLIST, WHO RODE 745 MILES IN 52 HOURS.

years old. He was formerly a chimney-sweep in Paris. The great cycle race in which M. Garin made this phenomenal record was run from Paris to Brest and back in the three days ending August 18th. It was open to all nations, and among the competitors were wheelmen from Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and America. Miller, the American rider, came in fifth. When M. Garin was asked, after his magnificent performance, if he felt tired he replied, "No. I could easily have gone 100 kilometers further." He said that he had not felt sleepy on the road, and his nourishment during the time consisted of sixty eggs, one outlet, grapes, and sugared vichy water. He seemed as fresh and buoyant as he did at the beginning of the race, although several of his competitors had collapsed in the struggle. The average time made by M. Garin was fourteen miles an hour.

—When the Queen of England goes yachting a simple blue-serve gown trimmed with white braid is her favorite costume, with a cap on which the name of the royal yacht is embroidered. A plaid-silk watch cap, ornamented with a huge scarlet tassel, is a head-gear affected by some yachtswomen who give much time to their water toilets. Mrs. Iselin is said to plan all her summer wardrobe with reference to the sea. She has yachting gloves, ties, veils, and shoes by the scores. Her white gloves are stitched narrowly with scarlet silk threads, the ribs on the back of the gloves ending in tiny scarlet anchors, the buttons ornamented to represent capstan-tops or compass-points. The proper yachting veil is of batiste or tulle, woven double in mesh, with blue or green the favorite colors. Heavy leather ties are the proper things in shoes, with rubber soles, carefully roughened in order to prevent slipping. If a watch is worn, a miniature barometer and compass may be used as charms, but jewelry, on board ship, is conspicuous by its absence. Decoration is confined to engraved or embroidered initials, name of the yacht, and the private signal; these are displayed on the inside of hats, shoes, gloves, and bands of clothing. For gowns, there is not only the time-honored serge, but bluing, sail-cloth, crispine, fishers' twill, with coats and capes made of rough-coated pilot-cloths. Nothing is prettier for a warm day than a white duck suit. This is Mrs. George Gould's taste in yachting dresses, and one of this material, with trimmings of gold braid and Turkey red, is her usual sea-going gown.

—The missionaries of the American Board, of Boston, located in Turkey, and on the borders of Turkey,



MISS ELLEN M. STONE, CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

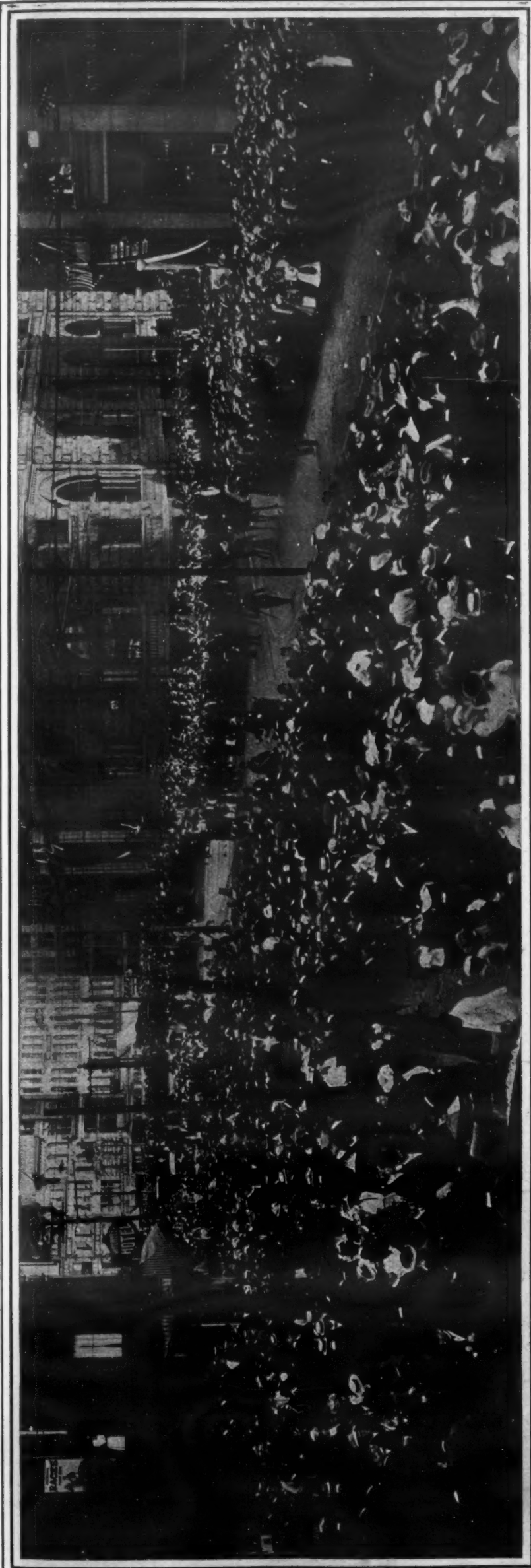
have been exposed to numerous and chronic perils during the last few years. The missionary women are no exceptions. Perils of robbers are included. There are brigands in the mountains of Turkey whose business it is to rob and to take prisoners and hold them for ransom. They seek those who are wealthy, or those who represent wealth, so far as they are able. One of their latest victims is Miss Ellen Stone, a missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions, which, in all its work, co-operates with the American Board. She and a companion were seized between Banake and Djoumania. It is not the first time that Miss Stone has been halted by Turkish brigands and tested as to her capacity to furnish plunder. In one instance she explained the nature of her work and the fact that she had but little available money, and was allowed to continue her journey and work. In another case, while she was asleep in a small structure, she was aroused in the night and became conscious that hands were passed over her features, but she was not otherwise disturbed, and in the morning she found abundant evidence that brigands had been in the vicinity during the night.



FUNERAL OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

AT CANTON, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, THE ANNIVERSARY OF GARFIELD'S DEATH.

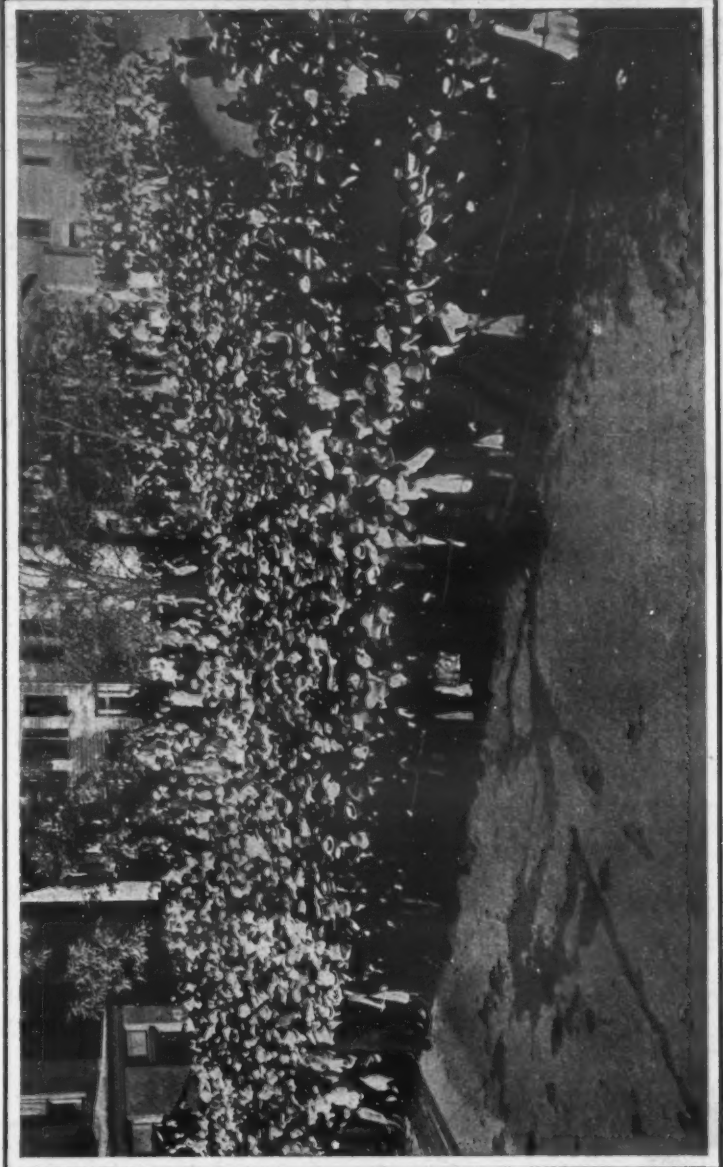
1. THE MCKINLEY BURIAL PLOT IN THE WEST LAWN CEMETERY.—THE X MARKS THE GRAVES OF MCKINLEY'S ONLY TWO CHILDREN. 2. THE VAULT IN WHICH THE REMAINS TEMPORARILY REST.—IT COST \$4,000, AND WAS ERECTED IN 1893 BY MRS. M. F. WERTZ AS A MEMORIAL TO HER HUSBAND. 3. BISHOP E. G. ANDREWS, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHO PREACHED THE TOUCHING FUNERAL SERMON AT THE SERVICE IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—(Permission of Eaton & Mains.) 4. THE CRUSH AT THE HARRISBURG (PENN.) DEPOT WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN.—(Courtesy of Philadelphia North American.) 5. WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE HARRISBURG DEPOT YARD SINGING THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN, "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."—(Courtesy of Philadelphia North American.) 6. THE REV. DR. CHARLES E. LOCKE, WHO CONDUCTED THE FUNERAL EXERCISES AT BUFFALO. 7. THE REV. DR. C. E. MANCHESTER, HIS WIFE AND THE CHOIR OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CANTON, WHERE THE CLOSING FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD.



A QUARTER OF A MILLION MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WAITING TO ENTER THE BUFFALO CITY HALL TO SEE THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD PRESIDENT.



THE ONLY FLASH-LIGHT TAKEN OF THE NEWSPAPER MEN AND OTHERS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE MILBURN HOUSE AT 2:30 A. M. ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, WHEN THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH WAS FIRST ANNOUNCED.



THE ENORMOUS CROWD AT BUFFALO, AT THE CITY HALL, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE HEADS WITH THE BODY OF THE PRESIDENT.

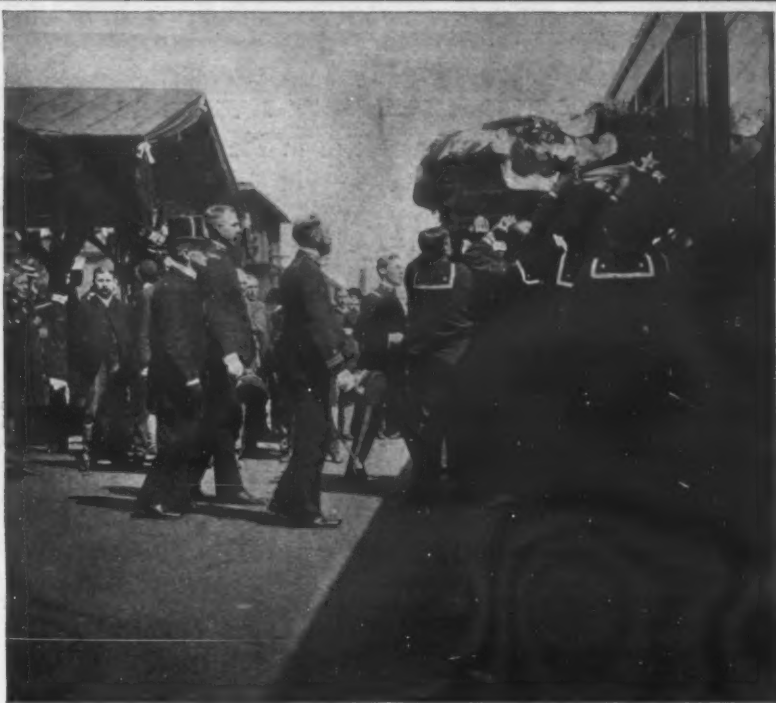
THE LAST SAD TRIBUTE IN BUFFALO TO THE BELOVED PRESIDENT.

PROFOUND MANIFESTATIONS OF GRIEF OVER THE LOSS OF THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.



THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

1. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONFERRING WITH SENATOR HANNA, ON THE WAY TO THE MILBURN HOUSE. 2. THE AMBULANCE IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS TAKEN FROM THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC TO THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL, AND THENCE TO THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, WHERE HE DIED. 3. SECRETARY CORTLYOU ANNOUNCING TO THE NEWSPAPER MEN THAT THERE WAS NO LONGER HOPE OF THE PRESIDENT'S RECOVERY.



AT HIS OLD HOME FOR THE LAST TIME.

THE WORLD MOURNS WHILE THE REMAINS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ARE SADLY BORNE TO THEIR FINAL RESTING-PLACE AT CANTON, O., ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.

1. FOLLOWING THE CASKET FROM THE TRAIN TO THE HEARSE—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE FOREGROUND, SECRETARY GAGE AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CABINET FOLLOWING—SECRETARY ROOT ON THE RIGHT AGAINST THE RAIL.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901. 2. TAKING THE CASKET THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE CAR AT THE CANTON STATION, IN THE PRESENCE OF AN UNCOVERED MULTITUDE. 3. WAITING FOR THE REMAINS TO BE CARRIED FROM THE TRAIN—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SECRETARIES GAGE, KNOX, HITCHCOCK, AND EX-SECRETARY DAY ON ONE SIDE, AND SECRETARY ROOT AND ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS OPPOSITE.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901. 4. THE ENTIRE CABINET, LED BY THE PRESIDENT, FOLLOW THE BODY FROM THE STATION TO THE LATE PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901. 5. WITH BOWED HEADS, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CABINET STAND SILENTLY AS THE CASKET IS BORNE FROM THE HEARSE TO THE STATION.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.

The McKinley Epoch in American History

The Story of a Great Era in the Annals of the World—How the United States Entered the Comity of Nations—The Place which the Late President of the American Republic Will Hold in Universal History.

WHEN the chronicler of the year 2001 tells the story of the Western hemisphere's politics through the present age he will say that it was under the administration of William McKinley, and chiefly through his initiative, that the United States emerged from its policy of exclusiveness and aloofness and first entered the comity of nations. This will be the peculiar distinction of the late President of the American republic.

Like Mr. McKinley, other Presidents dealt decisively with great domestic problems, as the tariff and the finances. Jackson did this when he overthrew the United States Bank. Polk did it when, through the inspiration of his Secretary of the Treasury, Robert J. Walker, he displaced the Whig protective tariff of 1842 by the Democratic free-trade tariff of 1846. Grant did it when, under the leadership of John Sherman, at that time in the Senate, the specie-resumption law of 1875 was passed, which went into operation in 1879, when Sherman was at the head of the Treasury in President Hayes's administration, and when it was Sherman's privilege to put his own act in operation.

As in the case of Mr. McKinley also, other Presidents directed the affairs of the government through great wars, some of them foreign, and one civil. Washington, the United States's first political chieftain, had been its military commander in the conflict with England, which placed the country on the roll of nations. Madison was in the White House when the war of 1812-15 with Great Britain gained for the country the social independence which supplemented the political independence won by Washington. Polk was President in the war of 1846-48 with Mexico, which, by the annexation of New Mexico and California, advanced the country's boundary on the southwest to the Pacific, contributed the latest accession of contiguous territory, and fulfilled the demands of physical geography in that quarter of the nation. In the conflict of 1861-65 Lincoln, in the words of Chief Justice Chase, in a decision shortly afterward, made the United States "an indestructible union of indestructible States."

To William McKinley, however, belongs the especial distinction of controlling the government's destinies at the time when the United States, bursting the limitations and restrictions of the Western hemisphere, first projected itself into the expanding circle of world interests and activities. This was a momentous departure from the traditions and ideals of America's earlier age. Moreover, so far as regards its practical operation, the departure originated with the President himself. During the weeks and months of the summer and fall of 1898, when the terms of peace with Spain were under consideration, Congress was not in session. Even when it was in session Congress gladly threw all the work and responsibility for the conduct of the war upon Mr. McKinley. During those epochal days of 1898 the President had an absolutely free hand in the management of the home and foreign affairs of the government. He could have made what terms he liked with Spain without any fear of serious opposition from Congress. Porto Rico and the Philippines could have been given up, as many prominent newspapers and congressmen advocated at the time and afterward. All the country, practically speaking, save the trans-Mississippi region, seemed at the outset to be indifferent on those points.

II.

Lincoln denied that he started out with any settled policy in connection with the issues of the Civil War. He dealt, as he said, with each day's problems in the light of that day's duties and opportunities, directed by the accumulated experience of the days that had gone before. In this particular President McKinley took a leaf from the book of President Lincoln. It may be said that this is opportunism, and that both McKinley and Lincoln were opportunists. An invidious meaning is usually attached to this expression, like the atrocious crime of being a young man, which Johnson tells us Walpole hurled at Pitt. Let us question its inventor as to the meaning of this epithet. Opportunism, says Gambetta, is the substitution of a policy of results for a policy of chimeras. Both those war Presidents sought results and got them.

There was a hesitation at the outset in the summer of 1898 by Mr. McKinley regarding the disposition to be made of the conquered territory in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. The same sort of uncertainty, so the country at the time thought, marked the conduct of Lincoln in the few weeks intervening between his accession to office on March 4th, 1861, and the capture of Fort Sumter in the middle of April. All this disappeared when the flag fell before Beauregard's guns. The vacillation, apparent or real, in President McKinley's case vanished when, in his swing around the circle in the fall of 1898, he crossed to the west side of the Mississippi.

"In this age of frequent interchange and mutual dependence we cannot shirk our international responsibilities if we could. They must be met with courage and wisdom, and we must follow duty even if desire opposes." These were President McKinley's words on October 12th, 1898, at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, which was the farthest point west that he went on that tour. The peace commission at Paris was still in the distance, but this expression gave a hint as to the work which would be cut out for it.

"We have one flag and one destiny," said the President two days later, in an address in St. Louis, as he was moving eastward, "and wherever that destiny shall lead us we will have hearts strong enough to meet its responsibilities." The "anti-imperialist" newspapers of the country seized this expression as an evidence that neither Porto Rico nor the Philippines would be abandoned. "That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds? Who will haul it down? Answer me, ye men of the South, who is there in Dixie who will haul it down?" These words were in a speech delivered in Atlanta shortly after he left St. Louis and after America's commissioners met those of Spain at Paris, and began to arrange the terms of peace between their respective nations.

The President's position, as indicated by his speeches, and as interpreted by the press of the country, became more and more advanced and resolute from the day when he first crossed the Mississippi in the fall of 1898, on his westward journey. The only doubt as to his intentions—and this doubt was so minute as to be scarcely worthy of consideration—after he made his St. Louis speech was completely and eternally removed by his Atlanta address. The country knew then that, despite the middle West's indifference and New England's hostility, the flag in Porto Rico and the Philippines would stay up.

III.

Thus the real author of the Treaty of Paris was not any of the commissioners, American or Spanish. It was the President of the United States. The prophet of America's new dispensation was not Judge William R. Day, Senator Cushman K. Davis, or any of the other members of the tribunal which put it into concrete form. It was William McKinley. Here, as in many other instances in the history of the United States, the power which is needed or is convenient for Congress or President is sanctioned by the judicial branch of the government. The Supreme Court, in the Porto Rico case in 1901, just as it did in the Louisiana purchase affair and in the case of the establishment of a United States Bank, back in Marshall's days, has shown that the action which the President and Congress have taken in accordance with the enlarged scope of the government's activities has constitutional warrant. Power is given to meet the requirements of the situation which the new departure has created.

As a sanction of the policy which Mr. McKinley devised, this decision of the nation's highest tribunal is of momentous consequence to this country, and may mark an epoch in the history of the world. Congress and President are furnished a virtually free hand in the establishment of colonies and the treatment of their inhabitants. The issues which the Spanish war raised are thus readily and conveniently met. By conquest or purchase territory can be legally acquired anywhere in the world. The rights of American citizenship may be extended to new peoples or withheld from them, as Congress chooses. The Constitution does not follow the flag into new territory until Congress sends it there. Under the stars and stripes there may be subjects as well as citizens.

The tremendous onward swing in powers and prerogatives, which President and Congress have recently taken, may be gauged by contrasting the easy assurance of the government in the case of newly acquired possessions in these days, some of them on the other side of the globe, with the scruples which Jefferson felt in purchasing territory on the borders of the country's settled area, and whose acquisition at that moment was imperatively necessary to the country's safety. Jefferson told Gallatin that in buying Louisiana he had committed an act "outside the Constitution." He told Levi Lincoln that, in the Louisiana case, the less said at that particular juncture about the constitutional difficulty the better, and that there was a general opinion among his political friends that it would be advisable to shut up the Constitution for some time, and ratify the purchase without saying much about it. His doubts were expressed privately, lest if they should get abroad either Bonaparte might take back the territory or Congress might refuse

to accept it. In either event there would be a calamity for the United States.

Jefferson's own plan was to ratify the purchase at once, and then to adopt a constitutional amendment to legalize it. He drew up an enactment, which, if adopted, would have been the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution. It never secured consideration, however. John Randolph, Wilson Cary Nicholas, John Breckinridge, Albert Gallatin, and others of his associates assured him that the acquisition of contiguous territory by purchase was not beyond the grant of power extended to Congress by the Constitution. Mr. McKinley's new departure in acquiring territory thousands of miles away from the main land of the American continent, and in governing it without any expectation that its inhabitants will be accorded the rights of American citizenship, forms a startling contrast with the misgivings of the third President regarding the right to acquire contiguous, thinly-settled territory, with the prospect of eventually admitting it to a share in the government.

IV.

Europe, it may be said, was quicker than this country in grasping the momentous significance of this broadening of the United States's sphere of influence and activity. Before the echoes of Dewey's guns at Manila had died out, Premier Salisbury recognized the new situation which confronted the world when he made his celebrated contrast between growing and dying nations. The late ex-Premier Crispi, early in the Spanish war, viewed the new apparition as a portent when he attempted to project his vision into the future to a time when what he called the wealthy, expanding, aggressive, and militant United States of America should come in conflict with the stationary, hampered, tradition-fettered, and disunited States of Europe.

Americans themselves are not accepting this picture. They believe that it is part of the United States's mission to spread the blessings of civilization and democracy throughout the world, and hasten the era of universal peace. If they are correct in this assumption a new justification has been afforded for the work of America's late President. Some concrete facts already substantiate this view. In the sway which it has just exerted over the rest of the world in the treatment of China in the recent troubles there is an indication of the direction in which the influence and the power of the United States is to exert itself in the coming time. The world believes that the late President was the author of as well as the controlling spirit in the new and the greater United States which has just entered the circle of the earth's great nations.

In recognition of this distinction every speculative exchange in the world's great cities was silenced as soon as the tidings were received of the demise of William McKinley. On every bourse, from San Francisco to St. Petersburg, the doors were closed when the news arrived of the death of America's chief magistrate. This was a magnificent tribute to the virtues and the popularity of the United States's political head. It was a striking evidence of the high place which the American republic has won in the world's regard. It was a memorable and altogether unexampled illustration of the kinship which the telegraph, the railroad, the steamship, and the growth in commercial and social ties between the different peoples and races have established among the world's great States. For the moment there was a pause in the hum of the world's industries and activities. All the peoples of the earth stood with America at the bier of its murdered President.

Many years ago a prophetic voice said that "North America has become a new primary planet in the system of the world, which, while it takes its own course, must have effect on the orbit of every other planet, and shift the common centre of gravity of the whole system of the European world." These words, which referred to the United States, were uttered 120 years ago by Thomas Pownall, who had been one of George III.'s colonial Governors of Massachusetts. The words appear in a book named "A Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe, 1780." Pownall was a member of the British Parliament at that time. The potentate which he had in mind when he was writing his book was the British King. Cornwallis's capture at Yorktown by Washington was a year off at the time. The treaty of peace, by which George III. recognized the independence of the United States was three years in the distance.

That was a remarkable prediction, which recent events have made into fact. The United States has unquestionably and emphatically shifted "the common centre of gravity of the whole system of the European world" since 1898. Thomas Pownall's prophecy of a century and a fifth ago William McKinley transmuted into history.

CHARLES M. HARVEY.



MRS. McKINLEY, WHOSE SILENT GRIEF WINS THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY.

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The Pictures on the Wall.

By
John J. a' Becket.



IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

DR. BUEL did try to find the church, and failed as signally as the others. What puzzled him most, however, was that no one knew, had never even heard of a building so decorated. As his theory, however, was quite the reverse of Hudson's, this troubled him very little.

In the meantime the young architect's ingenious scheme for getting his unprejudiced professional judgment on the case had resulted in a very agreeable relation between Dr. Buel and Miss Edgecombe. He seemed to come as a part of the girl's better fortune. Everything went more auspiciously after his advent on the scene. When, at the end of May, the young women were in a position to go to Rome the warmest friendship existed between the doctor and Frances. He made them promise to let him know from time to time how they were getting on.

After they went away the two men rarely met. Dr. Buel was too strong, aggressive, and generously impulsive to find the cautious, methodic young architect congenial. Hudson, on his part, resented the evidently friendly feeling between the physician and Frances Edgecombe. He considered Dr. Buel's recourse to the unattainable old man as key to her remarkable vision only a clever professional "bluff."

For some weeks the men had not even seen each other, when, on the 19th of July, they met, as luck would have it, on the steps of St. Vincent de Paul. It chanced in this way. Hudson returning from the *Gare du Nord*, where he had seen an artist friend off, found himself in front of the church. He stopped for a moment and regarded it malevolently for having lied to Miss Edgecombe with its unpainted front. His thoughts had turned to the girl with greater frequency and more ardent feeling of late, for his plan for the capitol had been successful, and the check for \$10,000 which he had received a week ago made marriage a prudent possibility. But he could not rid his mind of the awful suspicion which Miss Edgecombe's remarkable vision had aroused. To him it was an hallucination, pure and simple.

A throng of people was pouring out of the church. Suddenly a slight commotion on the steps made him curious enough to go and see what was the matter. It seemed that a workman, whose attention had been attracted elsewhere, had failed to remark an old gentleman who had stopped for a moment on the step below and had come down heavily on him. In trying to prevent himself from falling, from the unexpected impetus thus imparted, the old man had hurt himself and would have fallen had not by-standers assisted him to a seat on the steps, where he swayed gently to and fro, white and moaning.

A man driving by at the time had also witnessed the commotion. He made his driver pull up, sprang out, and hastened to the scene. Hudson recognized Dr. Buel at once, and felt tempted to go. He remained, however, to see what he could do.

After a few questions and a brief examination of the sufferer Dr. Buel looked at his watch in his energetic way, then let his glance rove quickly round on the by-standers. He caught sight of Hudson.

"Oh, is that you? Good-morning," he said, brusquely. He hesitated a moment, then continued, rapidly, "This old man has hurt his ankle. He lives quite a distance from here, and somebody ought to go home with him. I would do it myself, but I have a most important engagement at the *Salpêtrière*, and I couldn't go and get back in time. If you would take him home it would be a kindness to the poor old fellow. I have my coupé here, which is at your service."

"Thanks," replied Hudson, somewhat nettled, while

a flush crept into his cheeks; "I have important business of my own and fear I can't act as your assistant—this time."

Dr. Buel's eyes flashed as he stood silent and irresolute. At that moment a new twinge of pain seized the old man. On rallying from it he extended his hand dramatically toward the church and gasped feebly, "St. Vincent! St. Vincent! It is not enough to pain my soul. You must break my body."

"My good man," said Dr. Buel, with alacrity, "I will take you home. I am a physician."

Once he had the old man in his room at the address given, the young physician bandaged the sprained ankle, administered a soothing draught, then waited patiently until the sufferer dropped into a quiet slumber.

As he was leaving the room his eye caught sight of something over the door. He stopped short, drew nearer, examined it closely, glanced at the slumbering man,



"He glanced at the slumbering man, mounted a chair, and removed a colored drawing from the wall."

hesitated, then fetching a chair quickly, mounted on it and removed a colored drawing from the wall, which he carried away with him.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself when he was in the coupé once more, his eyes riveted on his "find." "I am glad I sent that letter to Miss Edgecombe before I saw this. It is more creditable to my judgment and more soothing to her pride."

He had ordered the *cocher* to drive him to the *Café de la Paix*. There he seated himself at one of the little tables near the sidewalk, ordered a bottle of the best Burgundy, and returned to the study of his drawing.

When he raised his eyes, after some moments, he could not refrain from a broad smile as they fell on Owen Hudson sauntering by with an air of sullen pre-occupation.

"Halloa, there, Hudson!" he called out, gayly. "Can you stop a moment? You don't seem quite as hurried as

you were a little while ago. I've got something here that may interest you. Sit down and have a glass of wine."

"Thanks," replied Hudson, coldly. "I rarely drink anything except at dinner."

"I'm not given to regaling myself with expensive wine at the *Café de la Paix*," retorted Dr. Buel, with the same effervescent air. "But this is a celebration, and you really are entitled to a share in it, for two or three reasons. It's about Miss Edgecombe's 'Pictures on the Wall,'" he added, smiling a little maliciously. "Look at this!"

He pushed the print toward the young man. Hudson glanced at it in a not too amiable way, then sinking into a chair, examined it with a feverish interest.

"You know you thought that was a—well, hallucination," continued Dr. Buel. "When you—called me into the case, I didn't feel that way at all, you remember."

Don't you know, I said I thought the old man in the omnibus had a good deal to do with it? I hope you recall Miss Edgecombe's description of the paintings as well as I do. Do you see how exactly it tallies with this print? Nobody could see that and doubt that the young lady had good reason outside of herself for what she saw."

Hudson in the meantime was breathing quickly as he examined minutely the large drawing. It represented the façade of a church, whose pediment was filled with sculptured figures. On the frieze, in large letters, were the words:

D.O.M. SVB. INVOCATIONE. S. VINCENTII. A. PAULO.

The whole front of the church was covered with pictures!

There were thirteen panels painted in bright red, blue, brown, and green colors on a gold background. Over the middle door was a panel of the Trinity, almost twice as large as the others, which were of a uniform size. On either side of this were three pictures, one above the other. On the right, The Creation of Adam and Eve, The Fall, and The Expulsion from Paradise. On the left, The Birth of Christ, The Baptism of Christ, and The Last Supper. Over the right-hand door were three: The Descent of the Holy Ghost, The Vocation of Matthias, and a Pope. Over the left-hand door were three: The Passage of the Red Sea, Moses Rescued from the Bulrushes, and a Prophet.

"You see from the Latin inscription that it is the church of St. Vincent de Paul. So Miss Edgecombe was right in every particular," said Dr. Buel, with the same cool but animated manner. "Such a strong, clear mind for a young woman! And what a retentive memory! Isn't it remarkable?"

Hudson at last raised his eyes to the other's laughing blue ones and asked, almost rudely, "Where did you get this?"

"Oh, I ran across it one day," returned

Dr. Buel, airily.

"Do you know who painted it, and when?" inquired Hudson, trying to maintain a calm exterior.

"I didn't," returned Dr. Buel, with a quick smile. "And I didn't have it painted. As for Miss Edgecombe, she doesn't even know yet of my discovery. Allow me!" After a moment's scrutiny he handed the print back. "Look in the left-hand corner," he said, pleasantly. "*François Joliffet, pinxit, 1843!*" Thirty years ago. Before any one of us was born."

"If I remember rightly, Miss Edgecombe said the Trinity picture was brighter than the others," Hudson observed, argumentatively. "I see no difference. Possibly you may find it brighter."

"No. I do not see any difference," returned Dr. Buel, suavely, ignoring the implication. "But I haven't the faintest doubt that it looked brighter to Miss Edgecombe. I am not such a doubter as you. Doctors are not credu-

lous, but they do not disclaim a fact because it is inexplicable. Besides, I expect to find out more about this matter. But I thought this picture would convince even a Thomas."

"I am very much obliged to you for showing it to me," said the young architect, stiffly, rising. "Was that old man you met to-day at St. Vincent's the one in the omnibus?" he asked suddenly, looking full at the other.

"I do not know," returned Dr. Buel, calmly. "I know now no more about the case than what that print tells me, and you know that, too."

Owen Hudson was more convinced than he allowed to his rival. He hesitated no longer. That very evening he wrote to Miss Edgecombe and asked her to be his wife. His letter had some effect on that young woman. It made her write at once to Dr. Buel in answer to the one she had received from him a week ago. Then she wrote a quiet but kindly letter to Owen Hudson, declining his offer, adding that she had already promised to marry another.

That afternoon Dr. Buel went to see his patient again. He found him easier. After a few inquiries and preliminary remarks he said, pleasantly, "You go a long way to church. St. Vincent de Paul is a good distance from here."

"This is the patron feast of the saint," replied the old man in explanation. "He did not treat me very well. I'm afraid I am not a favorite of his."

"Ah? I know what he did to-day. Has he served you any more tricks like that?"

The old man sighed and shook his head. "It is an old story now. But I am not likely to forget St. Vincent, or his church."

"I wish you would tell me all about it," said Dr. Buel, sympathetically. He drew his chair closer.

"This church of St. Vincent de Paul," the old man went on after a slight pause, "was begun in 1824. A few years after work had been started on it a man named Hachette perfected a process of firing by which an enamel, admirably suited for decorative work, could be produced on lava. The great advantage was that the blocks could be set together so closely without cement that a perfectly continuous surface was obtained. Anything painted on them looked so like an oil painting that very few imagined that my picture on the wall of St. Vincent was in enamel."

"Ah! You painted the pictures on the wall, then?" exclaimed Dr. Buel.

"There were never any pictures on the wall," returned M. Joliffet, regarding the young man with surprise. "I was engaged to cover the entire front wall with a series of designs in color. I devised an appropriate scheme of thirteen panels representing important events of the Old and the New Law."

"In 1844 Count Chaboul, then prefect of the Seine, and much interested in the plan, told me to prepare one of the pictures to see how it would look. I painted that of the Trinity, which I made larger than the others, and this was set in a central position on the facade. It was the only one that was ever placed there."

Dr. Buel nodded his head two or three times at this remark. M. Joliffet sighed once more as he resumed his narration.

"For some reason the undertaking stopped right there. Poor M. Hachette died soon after, the painting of the Trinity was taken down a few weeks later, and the walls of St. Vincent have been bare of pictures from that day to this. But to me they are always there. It makes St. Vincent a monument of my blasted ambition. I do not like to see it," said the old artist naively. "I had not seen it before to-day since last autumn, and then it filled me with more than wonted melancholy. I was passing it in an omnibus. A young girl—but pardon me, monsieur. This is an old man's talk, and it must weary you."

"You could not interest me more," said Dr. Buel, with low-voiced fervor. "I beg you to tell me as exactly as you can of that incident."

"The reason I got to speaking of it is because there is some connection between my going to St. Vincent's to-day and this young girl. There was such a look of trouble on her bright, young face that my heart went out to her. It was just after that bank failed by which so many Americans in Paris lost money. The idea came to my mind that perhaps she was one, and a little sketch-book she had made me think she might be an art student, too. That increased my sympathy. When we came near St. Vincent's I looked out at it and seemed to see my paintings glowing on its wall; those paintings which were to have brought me fame, but which dealt me so crushing a blow. I wondered if the set misery on her face was due to any such sorrow, and the thought made me sigh heavily. That seemed to startle her. She looked out, stopped the omnibus, descended, and walked slowly toward the church!"

"That is all," said M. Joliffet, simply. "Only I have thought of her often since, and always with this odd association with my work on St. Vincent's. So to-day I went to the church to pray that no pictures on the wall might ever blast or darken her young life. Then I came out and sprained my ankle! St. Vincent must think suffering is good for me. Or else he is making me pay for the answer to my prayers."

The old man smiled wearily and let his gaze wander to the place where his plan was hung. When he saw the blank space on the wall a look of amazement, almost terror, came into his face.

"Why, where is my plan for them gone?" he said, a little wildly, raising himself up in bed.

"I have it," said Dr. Buel, quickly. "I want to tell you something," he went on, gently. "I think those pictures of yours for St. Vincent's wall have brought happiness to that young girl and to me, for life. Her intense sympathy with you that day made her see them through the phantasm of them you had in your mind."

Two months later M. Joliffet assisted with meek joy at a wedding in the church of St. Vincent de Paul. His present to Madame Buel was his plan in colors for the paintings which were to have embellished the facade.

"I only hope she will be as much in sympathy with me as she was with you, M. Joliffet," Dr. Buel said, playfully, his eyes softening as they turned to the face of his wife, radiant with happiness. "It's so proper for a wife to see things just as her husband does."

"Let us hope that we won't need to be in the deepest misery in order that I may," she retorted, smilingly, though there was a tender thoughtfulness in her eyes—then she suddenly said, with saucy assumption, "I know what you are thinking now!"

"No!" exclaimed her husband in mock surprise.

"He is thinking what a lucky thing it was that you got into the omnibus that day," she said to M. Joliffet. "But for that—"

"We might never have known this happiest day in our lives," interrupted Dr. Buel, throwing his strong arm about his wife's shoulder—and bending a grateful glance on the serene old man.

Two Terrible Tragedies Recalled.

PERHAPS no person in the government employ was more shocked by the cruel assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo than Thomas F. Pendel, the oldest of the doormen at the White House in Washington.



THOMAS F. PENDEL.

Mr. Pendel, who will soon celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday, has received two similar shocks since he was at the executive mansion, when Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield fell at the hands of assassins. Mr. Pendel has swung wide the White House doors for nine Presidents—Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley. Notwithstanding his venerable age, he retains a keen memory of the scenes attending the wounding of two of the nation's chief magistrates. The crime of Leon Czolgosz has revived with peculiar distinctness the tragic events over which he often expresses keen regret and pathetic wonderment.

Rubbing one wrinkled palm meditatively over the right side of his silvered head, as he stood erect at the White House portals, from sheer force of habit, Mr. Pendel said of John Wilkes Booth's crime: "I was on duty at the White House on the night when President Lincoln received the fatal shot, and I recall vividly every incident of that deplorable tragedy. During the Civil War I was a member of the Washington police force. In the latter part of 1864, together with Sergeant Cronin, Andrew J. Smith, and Alphonsus Dunn, I was directed to take part in the watch at the President's home, doing duty in citizen's clothes. We had been informed in some mysterious way that Mr. Lincoln's life was in danger. Our duty was to act as a body-guard for him, and we were instructed to accompany him wherever he went, and, on no account, to lose sight of him when he left the White House. I soon had the good fortune to become a favorite of the martyred President, and often walked alone with him through Lafayette Square, opposite the executive mansion, where he was accustomed to pace the walk for hours, plunged in deep thought."

After a moment's pause, during which the lines on his face grew deeper, and he sighed as though it were a bitter and unwelcome memory, Mr. Pendel continued in a tone almost hushed.

"I took the last cards to Mr. Lincoln before he left for Ford's Theatre the night he was killed. They were those of the speaker of the House, Mr. Colfax, and Mr. Ashmun, chairman of the convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. I was standing outside the door of the red room while they were engaged in conversation. They were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, who were within. Presently the President and his wife

came out. Passing through the front door, they stepped into the carriage waiting there and drove away, going in the direction of down town.

"I was the last person to whom the President ever said good-night at the White House. 'Good-night, Pendel,' were his very words to me as I opened the door for him, and he went out to receive the grievous wound that caused his untimely death. After that everything happened. I was on night duty. It was close upon ten o'clock, I recall, and I was sitting in one of the big chairs in the alcove window facing the lower part of the city. Suddenly I saw a confused mass of hurried lights approaching the White House from the direction of the theatre. They came up the avenue at a furious gait, so mixed that there seemed to be a blurr. My heart jumped, for I feared that something terrible had happened, although I formed no tangible idea of what it might be. Then there came a sharp ring at the bell. I was young then and I sprang to the door without delay."

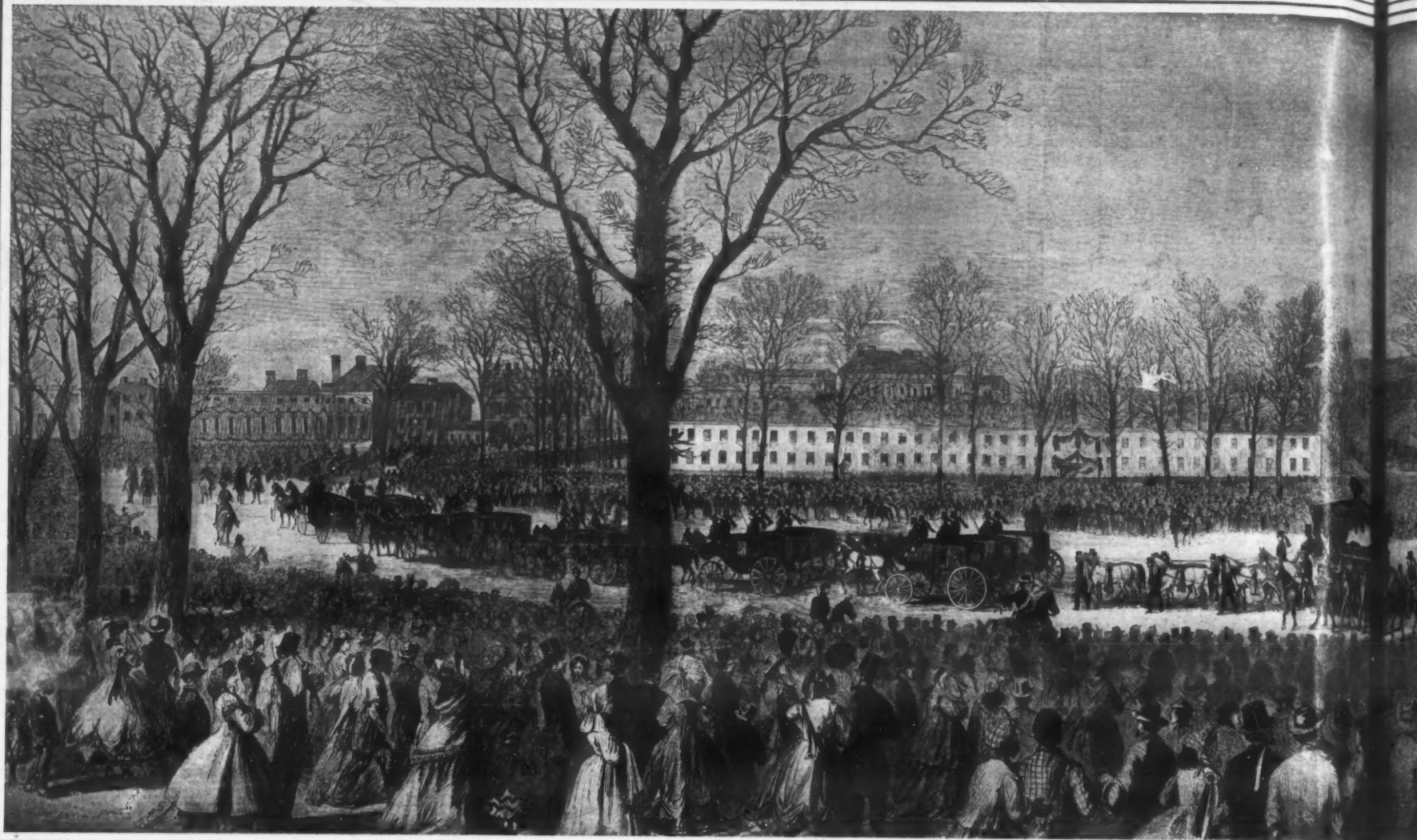
"When I swung the door open quickly, there stood Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. He looked very pale and worried. He asked rather sharply whether the President had returned. When I replied that Mr. Lincoln was not yet home, he inquired anxiously if I had heard that anything had happened. When I said I had heard nothing, Mr. Sumner looked immensely relieved. He explained that he had heard some vague rumor that something had happened to the President. I was all of a tremor, but the better spirits of Mr. Sumner reassured me. The Senator and those with him, several men prominent in public life, left at once. Then my sense of relief disappeared. I closed the door and returned to my seat in the window, but I could not rid myself of the feeling that something of grave importance was impending. I tried to tell myself that only a silly story had caused the interruption of the quiet at the White House, but the presentiment of disaster grew stronger and stronger."

"Suddenly I heard hurried footsteps coming up the gravel walk. These were followed by a violent pull at the door-bell. The late caller was Isaac Newton, commissioner of agriculture. He was deathly pale, and there was a glitter in his eyes that I did not like. His voice was strained and unnatural as he blurted out, hoarsely: 'My God! they've shot the President!' I was speechless with grief and horror. I could not for a few moments realize the truth of the situation. Mr. Newton stood near the door with one of his hands over his eyes, the other resting on the casement, and he was trembling with excitement. After a minute it occurred to me all at once that the other occupants of the house should be made acquainted with the terrible news."

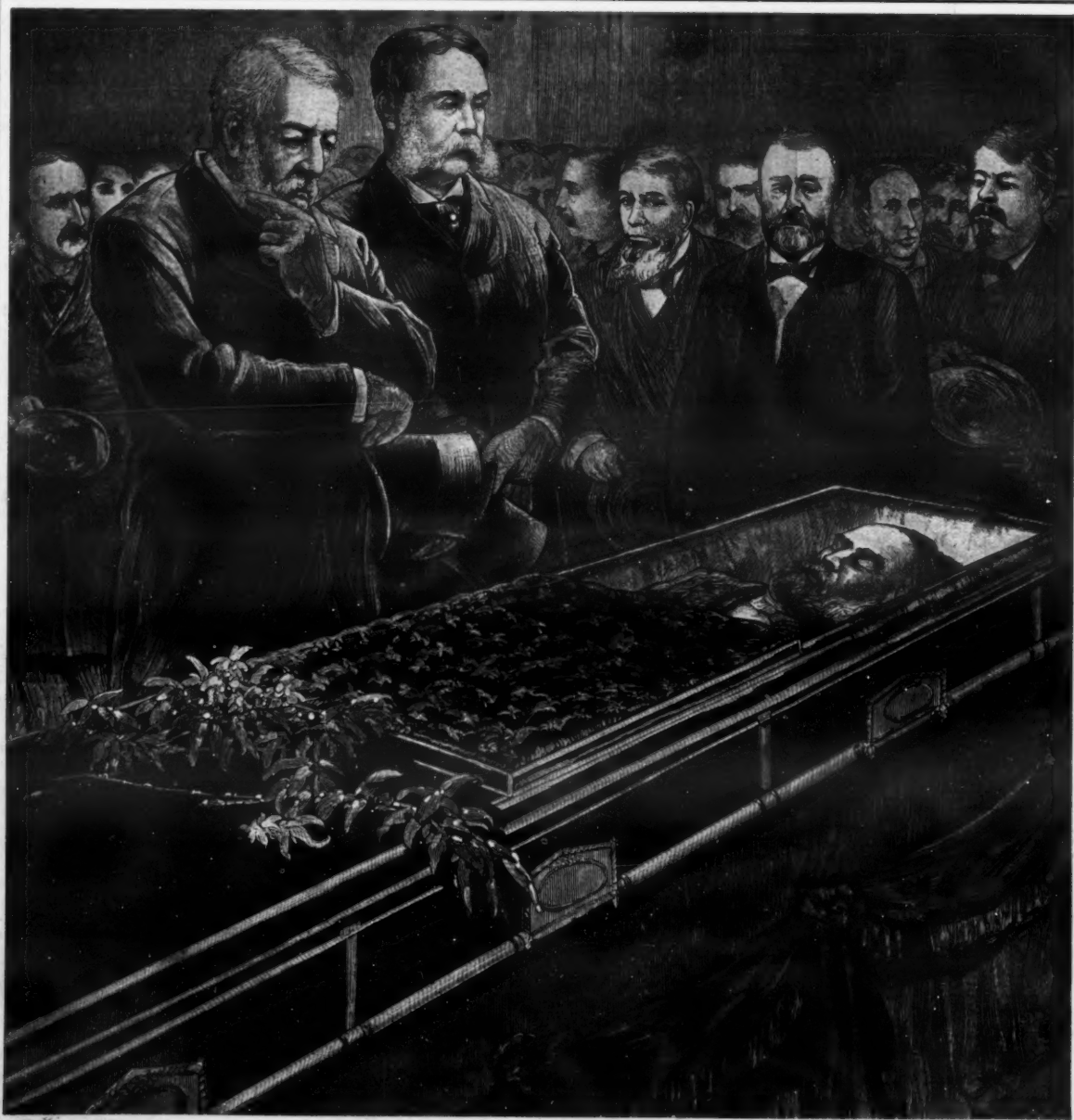
"Hastening along the upper corridors, I came upon Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son. He had not yet retired, and I remember that he had a medicine-bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other, as though in the act of measuring out a dose of the liquid. I shall never forget the expression that came over his face as I cried out the terrible tidings. Unconsciously he allowed the bottle to drop from one hand and then the spoon from the other. The medicine was thick and black and gurgled out over the carpet. I could not help at that time comparing it with blood, and I drew back with a shudder."

"After a few minutes Captain Lincoln recovered his composure to some extent and ordered me to notify Major Hay, the President's military secretary, now Mr. McKinley's Secretary of State. I gave Major Hay the grievous news and he at once hastened down town in company with Captain Lincoln. The bad news spread like lightning. Soon every one in the house crowded around me, and with them came little 'Tad' Lincoln, the President's 'baby,' and the favorite of the White House. He was twelve years old at the time, and half dead from anxiety and grief, as he put his arms around my neck and sobbed: 'Oh, Tom Pendel! they've killed my papa.' All that night I watched and waited until the President breathed his last. On the next day Mrs. Lincoln appointed me to be present at the post-mortem examination."

Pendel was also one of the special guard named to accompany the Lincoln funeral train to Illinois, where the martyred President was laid at rest. It is a similar coincidence that Pendel was the last man to bid President Garfield good-bye when he left the executive mansion in July, 1881, for the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Washington, where he received the mortal wound from the weapon of Guiteau. "I was at the White House," said he, "when they brought the great Ohioan back to his official home, the victim of an assassin's pistol, and I grieved with the stricken ones when he was taken again to the Sixth Street station to be carried to Elberon, where he breathed his last. I am getting to be an old man, and it pains me to recall these terrible scenes through which I have passed as the servant of some of the country's greatest men. I don't see what we are to do to keep our Presidents safe. And now Mr. McKinley has been killed at Buffalo. Assassination is too easy in America, and I hope our law-makers will do something to stop it. The shocking affair at the exposition city recalls all the griefs through which I have passed here at the White House and makes me downcast, as you may well imagine."



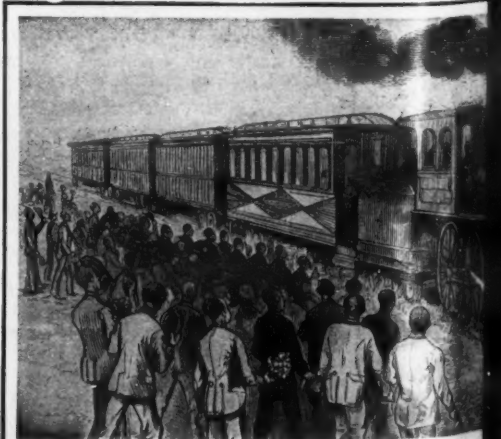
THE FUNERAL OF LINCOLN, THE FIRST PRESIDENT SLAIN BY AN ASSASSIN—THE MILITARY ESCORT AND



PRESIDENT ARTHUR, SECRETARY BLAINE, GENERAL GRANT, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED OFFICIALS, VIEWING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1881.



THE GARFIELD CASKET REPOSING IN THE RECEIVING VAULT, FILLED WITH FLORAL TRIBUTES.



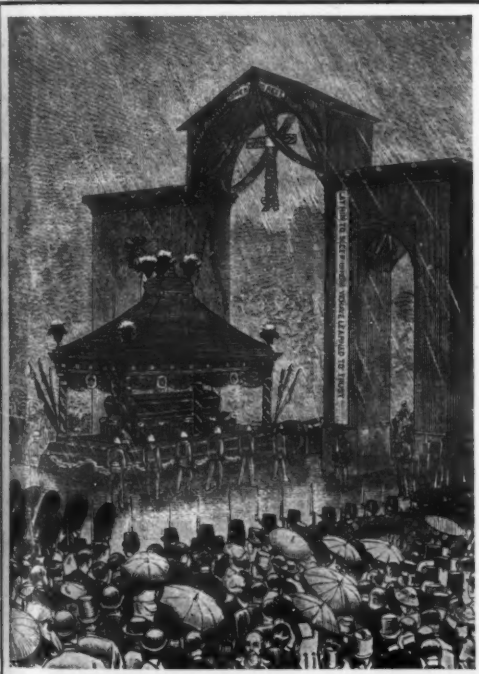
STUDENTS OF PRINCETON STREWING FLOWERS

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO ITS MARTYRED PRESIDENTS—A

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM



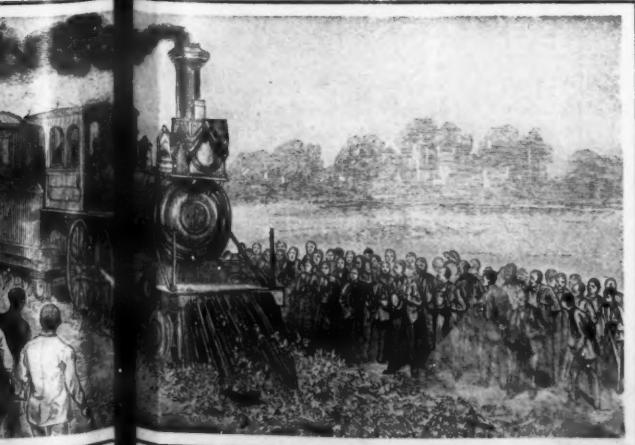
THE FUNERAL ESCORT AND CAISSON MOVING PAST THE WHITE HOUSE, ON APRIL 19TH, 1865.—From Drawings by William T. Crane.



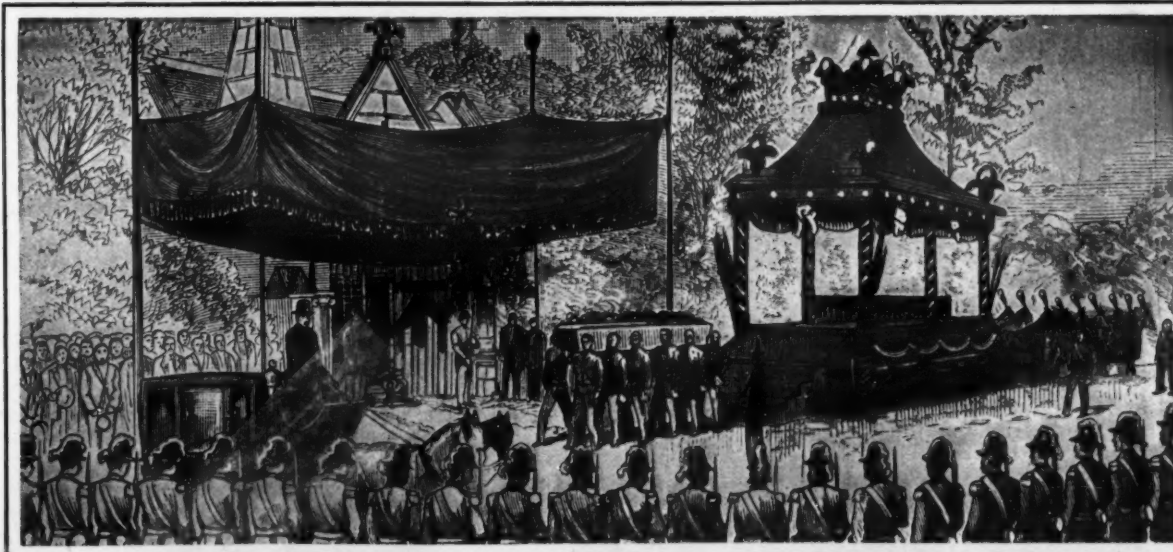
BEARING GARFIELD'S BODY INTO THE GATE OF LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND.



THE PEOPLE VIEWING THE REMAINS OF GARFIELD IN THE MEMORIAL PAVILION, MONUMENT SQUARE, CLEVELAND.



ON THE TRACK BEFORE GARFIELD'S FUNERAL TRAIN.



BEARING THE GARFIELD CASKET FROM THE CATAPALQUE TO THE RECEIVING VAULT AT CLEVELAND.

THE FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1865. AND JAMES A. GARFIELD IN 1881.

FROM "LESLIE'S WEEKLY"

The Beautiful Domestic Life of President and Mrs. McKinley.

WASHINGTON, September 16th, 1901.—The publication of every detail of the late President's life added to rather than detracted from his fame, for, however much those opposed to him in politics may have criticised his official actions, his home life and his manner of discharging his social obligations were beyond criticism, and elicited universal approval.

In no country in the world do women occupy so lofty a position as in America; nowhere do men hold them in such high esteem; in no land under the sun is there to be found so much real chivalry; naturally, therefore, the late President's tenderness toward his wife, his devotion, his constant thought of her in the midst of the most exacting and absorbing official duties, endeared him as nothing else could to his compatriots, and he was regarded not only as a model citizen, but as a model husband. Not that this devotion was paraded, but the semi-invalidism of Mrs. McKinley made it more evident than it would have been under different circumstances, and the people of the country were constantly and in many ways attesting their admiration for their ruler and his gentle consort.

The social duties of a President of the United States are almost, if not quite, as important as his official functions, and those Presidents have been most successful, and will be longest remembered, who have combined rare executive ability with those other talents which make a man socially popular. But the wife of the President is more responsible even than her husband for the proper conduct of the domestic and social affairs of the executive mansion, and contributes in no small degree to her husband's prestige. The success attained in these lines by the wives of the various Presidents shows the versatility and adaptability of American women, for none of those who have presided over the White House was trained, as it is the custom in foreign countries to train those who will one day hold high positions, for the rôle of first lady in the land, and yet many of them—the most of them—acquitted themselves admirably in the important parts they were called upon to assume, and won the applause not only of their own countrywomen, but of their royal sisters in Europe, who begin in the cradle to learn the rules which shall guide them when they take their seats on the throne.

Mrs. McKinley is no exception to those who have gone before her. Of a retiring disposition, domestic in her tastes, not overstrong, she never shrunk from the duties of her position, but upon all public occasions, as in private life, was to be found at the side of her husband, justly proud of the honors done him, in which she shared. The New Year's reception, at which all public functionaries assist, the diplomatic corps in court regalia and the officers of the army and the navy in full-dress uniforms, is, without doubt, the most important and imposing affair that takes place at the White House. At this function Mrs. McKinley invariably stood at her husband's right hand, partly leaning against a chair placed just behind her, that she might have some support, and at none of the four New Years since she took up her residence at the White House had she been absent from her post. The President's wife was a pleasant figure on these occasions. Her gowns were in exquisite taste, her lovely face wore a radiant smile, and her greetings to the hundreds who passed her were cordial and heartfelt. Now and then a child, brought by some proud parent that he might tell in after years of having grasped the President's hand, was found in the long procession and singled out by Mrs. McKinley for special notice, a pat on the head, the gift of a flower, or some playful greeting, which was long remembered and recounted for the edification of less fortunate playfellows. The latest photograph of Mrs. McKinley, by Prince (shown elsewhere in this issue), was taken in her Inaugural-ball costume, a gown of white satin trimmed with rhinestones and pearls arranged in designs of grapes and clusters of leaves extending from the throat to the hem of the skirt. Their embroidery effect was outlined on each side by insertion of rose point lace. The court train was finished with a flounce of rose point lace in a garland design caught with little choux of satin, and the edge of the train was softened by a ruche of tucked chiffon. The bodice, high-necked, with open, feathered seams, had a deep collar of point lace, crossing the shoulders from the back and extending half way down the front on both sides, outlining a vest of white plaited chiffon, overlaid with pearls, and carrying out the design of the skirt, some of the leaves and tendrils having been extended to the collar. The girdle of pearl embroidery was high in the back and narrowed into a small band of leaves in front. The sleeves were trimmed elaborately in the same design. Mrs. McKinley's jewels were diamond brooches, fastened in the

lace of the stock, and exquisitely studded side-combs.

Mrs. McKinley's fondness for children has often been commented upon, and the stories told in this connection are not exaggerated. Having lost her own little ones in the early days of their babyhood, the love she felt for them seems to have expanded until it embraces all children, between whom and Mrs. McKinley there exists the warmest sympathy; for children, above all others, are quick to recognize their friends. The President and his wife often sat on the south portico of the White House at the Saturday-afternoon concerts of the Marine Band, which are held during the summer, and about the steps the little ones gathered for the greeting that was sure to be accorded them. Occasionally one of the children would be beckoned to come up on the veranda, and be granted an interview with the first lady in the land, who sent her little admirer away holding a bouquet in its chubby hands, or some little gift, of which she seemed to have an inexhaustible supply.

Mrs. McKinley invariably presided at the evening receptions, those for the public as well as those by card, and was assisted by the women of the Cabinet, who ranged themselves in a line to the right of her, according to the official order of precedence. At the state dinners she also presided, but, contrary to custom, sat on the right hand of her husband, with the guest of honor at her right, this new order being introduced that the President might have her constantly at his side, and so see to it that she did not become over-fatigued; for, while able to endure as much as the average woman, her good nature and amiability sometimes prompted her to test her strength too far.

The duties of the President's wife are more onerous than those who simply look on from the outside can possibly realize. The mail that comes to her, for instance, is often as large as her husband's, and it requires a secretary to respond to the voluminous epistles that are received from one end of the land to the other. The house-keeping is naturally not irksome, since the mistress of the White House is relieved from all details by a competent housekeeper and steward, but there are many things about which she must be consulted, many things which she alone can decide, and the *menus* for the state dinners and the schemes for decorations are always submitted to her.

Foreigners visiting this country are astonished at the ease with which an "audience," as they term it, is obtained with the President and his wife, so different from the endless forms and red tape that must be gone through on the other side. "Why," said a prominent Englishman, who spent several days in Washington last winter, "I expressed a wish merely to meet the wife of the President. There followed a little telephoning between my hostess and the executive mansion, whereupon I was whirled away in a carriage, and in less than an hour after I had given utterance to my desire to see Mrs. McKinley, I found myself *tête-à-tête* with her. No experience I had in America gave me so much pleasure as this informal chat with the 'first lady in the land.'"

This, of course, was an exceptional case. The hostess of the story is a prominent woman, who has the entrée to the White House, and her guest was a distinguished man, but both the President and his "lady," as she was called in the days of George Washington—and the appellation is not unpleasant—are as easy of access as the most radical democrat could wish. It had been Mrs. McKinley's custom to reserve two days in the week when, between certain hours, she received her personal friends and those who desired to be presented. These receptions were arranged on the simplest possible plan; there was no undue formality, no more than at any private house, not as much as at some of the functions given by the multi-millionaires, and those who called at these times were charmed with the ease and grace with which Mrs. McKinley received them.

Mrs. McKinley was a Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton, the daughter of a banker, who as a young girl was given all the advantages that her father's wealth and social position could command. Those who remember her before her marriage speak of her as most winning and amiable, qualities which she still retains and which account for the affection she inspires in all of those who come in contact with her. The White House employes were especially loyal to their mistress, served her with love, and never tired of testifying to her graciousness and consideration.

The day at the White House began with breakfast at nine, after which the President and Mrs. McKinley looked over the papers, separating at ten, when the President went to his desk and remained, giving audiences and discussing important matters with his staff, until luncheon

was served at half-past one. Following the noon-day meal the President spent an hour with Mrs. McKinley, returning to his office for a couple of hours' work before they took their outing at half-past four. More work consumed the time after their return from riding until dinner was served at seven, an hour to which the President adhered in spite of the fashion. The evening was passed in social intercourse, some of the Cabinet or old friends from Ohio dropping in to call. Ten found the President back in his office again, when, secure from interruptions, the most important work of the day was done. No matter what the pressure of public business, the President kept the Sabbath holy. In the morning he invariably went to church, in the afternoon he sometimes rode with Mrs. McKinley, but no entertaining was done on that day, which was devoted to rest and relaxation in the good, old-fashioned way.

Much has been said and written about the lack of space in the White House, and it is ridiculously inadequate for the present needs. But President McKinley's family was small and he was not seriously inconvenienced. Mrs. McKinley's room was the pleasantest spot in the house. She abandoned the southwest apartment overlooking the White Lot and the mall, used by her predecessors, for the large and pretty chamber facing north, the windows of which command the drive-way and the flower-beds. The room was furnished and draped in her favorite color, blue, and decorated with the photographs of friends, among which children predominate, bric-à-brac collected on her travels, and the thousand-and-one little things that give that subtle and indefinable charm which, for want of a better word, we call "homey." Here the mistress of the White House spent most of her time, and here she received her intimate friends.

The upper corridor, which was used as the family sitting-room, there being no other chamber that could be dedicated to this purpose, was also a favorite lounging-place with Mrs. McKinley, and in its hospitable recesses she played a quiet rubber of whist or euchre, being an adept at both games. A piano stands on one side of the room, which was in frequent use, and a cribbage-board testified to the President's and Mrs. McKinley's fondness for this game, which they frequently played together, but the chief ornaments of the living-room are portraits of Mrs. McKinley and of the President's mother.

HARRIET LONG.

When I Had Less.

WHEN I had less I prized it more—
Less love, less friends, less worldly store;
And not that now I would have less
Of these the treasures I possess,
Or that to add to my small store
I would not eagerly have more!

But just to feel the olden thrill
Of having one thing all my own—
A sled to skim the snowy hill,
A friend to play with me alone,
A mother to remove my tears,
And just again have fourteen years!

Oh, it was joy to be alive!
To watch in spring the birds arrive,
To hope for what before me lay.
But in these fuller days I say
God pity him who has to live
Possessed of all this world can give!

MARY A. MASON.

The President's Last Hours.

THE room in the Milburn house at Buffalo in which the President lay sick until his death looks out upon beautiful lawns with their ornamentation of shrubbery and trees, and during the forenoon of his last Friday, when one of the nurses had started to adjust the pillows so as to shut out the light of the window, the President gently protested, and remarked, "No; I want to see the trees. They are so beautiful." Delaware Avenue at this point has an air of peacefulness and repose. During the President's illness this was especially noticeable, and with the exception of the subdued activity necessitated by those on guard or watching near by to convey intelligence of the President's condition to the public, everything was quiet. No street-cars pass this vicinity, and even the locomotive whistles seemed to have been subdued.

The scenes about the Milburn residence and in the streets near by during the President's closing hours will be historic, and those participating in them will never forget the impressions made. Every one felt the suppressed air of excitement and suspense. Every one talked in subdued tones. People would almost hold their breath as some noted personage came from the home where the

President lay, and almost in a whisper announced an opinion or bulletin from the sick-bed.

To the north, about one-eighth of a mile away from the corner of Delaware Avenue and Ferry Street, the crowds could be seen pressing against the ropes which were passed across Delaware Avenue at this point, and which were rigidly guarded. Ferry Street and Delaware Avenue at three other points were thus roped off, and the activity in the immediate vicinity of the Milburn residence was caused only by those who had business there—the soldiers, or police officers, or newspaper men, the telegraph operators, and the members of the President's official family, or citizens of Buffalo immediately concerned in the care of the President or the entertainment of his particular friends.

The telegraph instruments clicked busily in the telegraph tent; the correspondents from all the centres of population of the United States moved anxiously to and from the press tent and the ropes across Delaware Avenue, which kept them at a distance of about 250 feet from the Milburn residence. It took but a few seconds for those vigilant men of the press to reach the ropes as soon as any one of prominence emerged from the doorway of the famous residence. Secretary Root came out, and before he had reached the guards he was the centre of a crowd of anxious listeners. Senator Hanna always seemed to be the most hopeful of any of the visitors, and his faith that the President would rally helped to maintain the spirits of the anxious watchers.

As the last night approached, the sadness in the hearts of all seemed to increase with the gathering gloom of nature. Messengers scurried away, carrying the discouraging news, and soon extras were on the streets of Buffalo telling the people it was feared the President was dying. Then came the end of the tragedy that left a nation in the deepest sorrow.

Two Kinds of Anarchists.

(Continued from page 278.)

make it a crime, punishable with death, for any one to attempt to destroy the life of the President—perhaps, also, of certain other high officials of the government; and the States should all make laws defining anarchy of the revolutionary kind, describing all such organizations as traitorous conspiracies, and forbidding, under heavy penalties, all associations or assemblages for such purposes. It is monstrous that men should meet and take counsel together, under the protection of our laws, for ends which involve the subversion of all law and the murder of men whose only crime it is that they represent law.

Now I can partly understand, though I can by no means justify, the existence of anarchy in some European countries. But that it finds lodgment here and ripens its plots of destruction on our soil; that its emissaries and agents abide here in haunts well known and go forth from our gates unchallenged upon their errands of assassination is a fact shameful and astounding. Perhaps the tragedy by which our own chief ruler has been stricken down may lead us to question whether the limits of liberty are not somewhat strained by the permission of such conspiracies.

There should not, it seems to me, be much difficulty in coming to a distinct understanding with this class of persons. The tribe must be exterminated. There must be no dallying or temporizing. This is the first and the last and the only thing to do. I do not believe in any harsh or unjust punishment, but the action of the law should be prompt, swift, and sure. When groups of men here and there in American cities adopt the theory that their function is to scatter through society firebrands, arrows, and death, with no other purpose than that society shall be overthrown, there is simply nothing to do but to turn on these people and crush them. Society must not harbor its own avowed destroyers; it must stamp them out. The more promptly, the more relentlessly the thing is done, the more merciful and kind is the deed.

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

A Universal Food.

FOLLOWING NATURE'S FOOTSTEPS.

"I HAVE a boy, two years old, weighing forty pounds, and in perfect health, who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk.

"This is an ideal food, and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage." F. W. Leavitt, Minneapolis, Minn.

One advantage about Grape-Nuts Food is that it is predigested in the process of manufacture; that is, the starch contained in the wheat and barley is transformed into grape-sugar in exactly the same method as this process is carried out in the human body, that is by the use of moisture and long exposure to moderate warmth, which grows the diastase in the grains and makes the remarkable change from starch to grape-sugar. Therefore, the most delicate stomach can handle Grape-Nuts, and the food is quickly absorbed into the blood and tissue, certain

parts of it going directly to building and nourishing the brain and nerve centres.

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Some Humble Heroes of To-day.

THERE are mothers all over the world who would give up their lives in a moment to save their loved ones. Mothers have been doing just that thing ever since the world began. It is a way they have. But it is not often that the sacrifice is offered in such an open and deliberate manner as in the case of a St. Louis mother one night in August. It was a tenement-house fire, and all escape from the room where the woman lived with her husband and baby in the third story had been cut off by the flames. The husband jumped and lay in the street below with both legs broken. Believing that nothing could save them both now, the mother coolly determined to give up her own life in the hope of preserving that of her child. Claspings the little one close to her bosom, she stepped to the window and threw herself backward down upon the pavement. The act resulted not wholly as the woman thought it would. The baby was uninjured, and was crying and cooing when picked up. But the mother, though fearfully injured and probably crippled for life, survived the fall. "I am in great pain," she said as she lay in the hospital, "but my baby is safe and that makes it all right. I was only afraid that I might turn in the air and fall on her."

It happened out near the town of Shamokin, Penn., one day early last summer. Eleven-year-old Mary Sunberry was playing alone in the yard about her home when, stepping on the edge of an open well, she slipped and fell into the water below, a distance of thirty-five feet. No one was near enough to hear her cries for help and there was nothing for the child to do but to climb up the slippery stones or drown. Fortunately some of the stones built in the surrounding wall projected out a little, and grasping these the girl drew herself up a distance of ten feet. Unable to proceed further, and becoming exhausted with the strain after a few moments, she fell back into the ice-cold water. Five times was this operation repeated, the girl growing weaker with each effort. Finally, after half an hour had passed in these struggles, and her strength was almost gone, a neighbor who had come for water, dropped a rope to the half-unconscious girl and dragged her to the top. Asked afterward to describe her experiences, Mary said that many times she thought she would give up and let herself go under the water, but she knew her mother's heart would break if anything happened to her, and it was this more than anything else which caused her to make such a desperate fight for life. It was the mother-love that bore her up and nerved her to the weary struggle.

He was only a night engineer in a club building in the great city, but he had the fibre in him of the man who braves the steel and enemy for the cause he holds dear. Late one night not long ago this engineer, whose name is Anton Zier, was at work alone in the boiler pit of the building. By accident he turned a valve which poured upon him an immense volume of steam. The pressure was so high that the stream of superheated vapor knocked him down and sent a pile of coal flying into all corners of the room. The escaping steam poured over the prostrate man, fairly roasting his thighs and abdomen, and so disabling him that he could not raise himself up to reach and close the valve that was creating the havoc. Realizing that unless something was done without delay the boiler would probably burst and wreck the building and perhaps destroy many lives, Zier dragged himself, almost blind and helpless with pain as he was, out of the pit and through the basement door into the street. It was a lonely quarter of the city and no one was in sight. Knowing that another night engineer, a friend, could be found in a building a block distant, the suffering man resolved to go there for help. He tried to raise himself to his feet, but he could not endure the pain. So, part of the time crouching low and at other times on his hands and knees, Zier made his way along the street until he reached the basement door of the building where his friend, the engineer, was on duty. Lifting himself up as far as he could in his crippled condition, he pounded on the door with his bare fists. When the door opened he fell almost fainting in the arms of his fellow-worker. But reviving sufficiently to tell his story, his friend hastened to the endangered building and turned off the steam just in time to avert a disaster. Zier was taken to a hospital, where he remained several weeks before he was able to rise again.

How many lives he saved by his coolness and daring cannot be known, but it is certain that but for the act of James Stover, a thirteen-year-old lad, of Altoona, the New York and Chicago Limited, the crack train of the Pennsylvania road, would have been wrecked near that town one night last spring. It was just after a success-

sion of heavy rains, and landslides along the track were frequent. One of these, a great mass of rock and earth, came tumbling down on the west-bound track shortly after dark a few miles out of Altoona. Young Stover happened to be pushing his wheel just then along the highway running by the side of the railroad and saw the obstruction. He knew that the Limited was due about that time, and he realized that unless warning was given something terrible must surely happen. He saw on the instant that he could ride to a point on the road half a mile away in the direction of the approaching train and, perhaps, might give the engineer a signal there that would be heeded. It was the race of his life, but the lad's endurance won. Down the track he flew, bumping at times over the exposed ties between the rails, and almost falling from his seat, but he reached the point just as the engine whirled around the curve at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Standing as close as he dared to the rails, the boy swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice as the engine rushed by. In the dim light the engineer saw and heard, and reversing his lever brought the train to a stop with the nose of the pilot buried in several tons of rock, but with no injury done. The train was backed into Altoona until the slide could be cleared away, and the passengers did not know until they reached that city how narrowly they had escaped an awful disaster, and that it was the heroism and promptness of a thirteen-year-old boy that had saved them.

A Fire-proof Hotel.

THE steady growth of visitors to Berlin, Germany, has called into life a number of extravagantly furnished hotels, several of which can well compare with the best in America, as the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, for instance. This sumptuous house is the recognized rendezvous of the Bohemian traveler—I mean that distinguished tourist, be it prince or social star, who prefers to avoid the annoyance of a so-called family hotel, or semi-boarding house, with all its disagreeable minutiae. But the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* is also preferred, and justly so, for its absolute immunity from fire. The entire house is fire-proof, and in case of an indiscretion nothing beyond the furniture could ever fall a prey to flames. Such disasters as have occurred in New York of late years are absolutely out of question here; besides, the vigilance is unflagging, and the hotel discipline cannot possibly be surpassed. This hotel is particularly famous for its excellent cuisine and courteous service.

For Debilitated Men.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. J. B. ALEXANDER, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It ranks among the best of nerve tonics for debilitated men." Renews the vitality.

THE tonic that is a tonic—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At grocers' and druggists'.

Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson Street, New York.

Like Opium-Eaters,

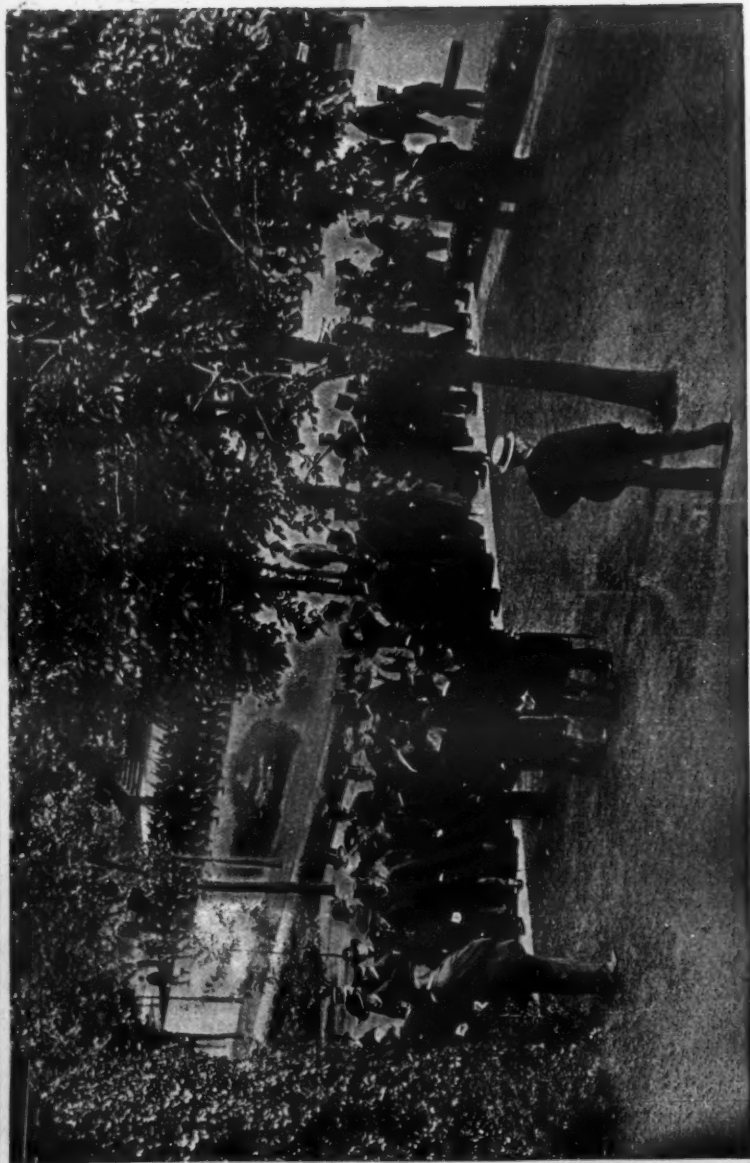
COFFEE DRINKERS BECOME SLAVES.

"THE experience, suffering, and slavery of some coffee drinkers would be almost as interesting as the famous 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,'" says a Boston man, W. J. Tuson, 131 West Newton Street. "For twenty years I used coffee at the breakfast table, and, incidentally, through the day, I craved it as a whiskey drinker longs for his morning bracer. I knew perfectly well that it was slowly killing me, but I could not relinquish it.

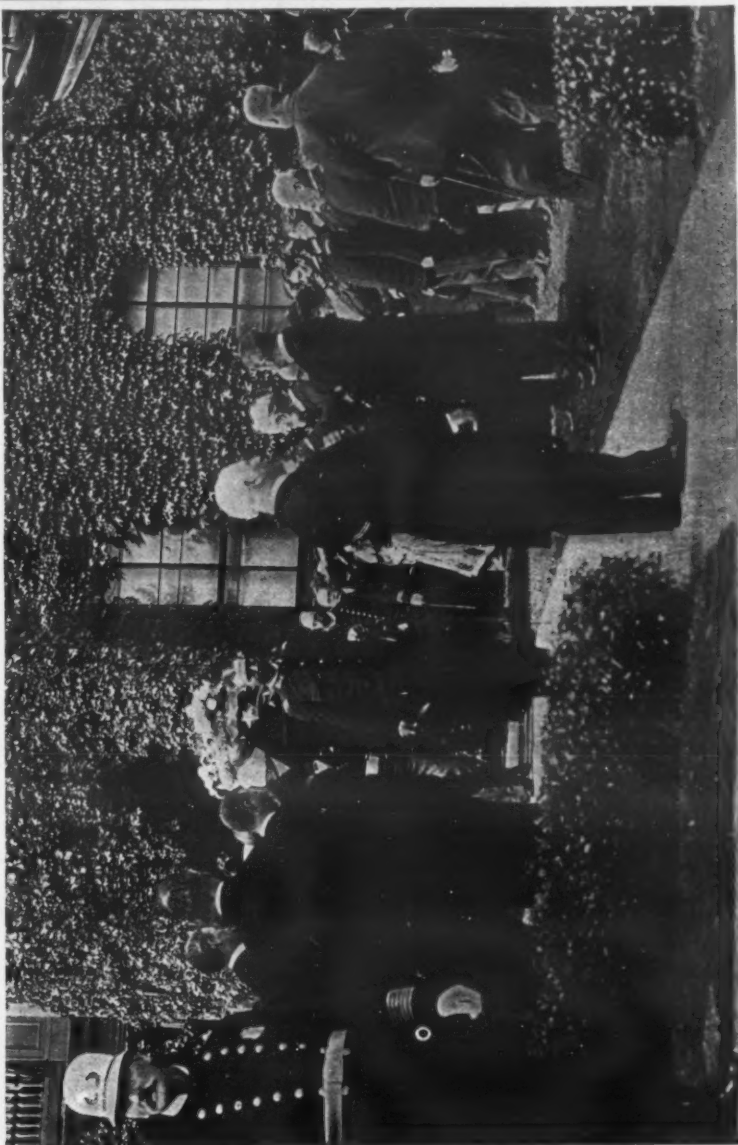
"The effect on the nervous system was finally alarming, and my general health greatly impaired. I had dyspepsia, serious heart difficulty, and insomnia. When I would lie down I would almost suffocate. My doctor assured me it was due to the action of caffeine (which is the active principle of coffee) on the heart.

"I persisted in its use, however, and suffered along just as drunkards do. One day when I was feeling unusually depressed a friend whom I met looked me over and said, 'Now, look here, old man, I believe I know exactly what's the matter with you. You are a coffee fiend, and it's killing you. I want to tell you my experience. I drank coffee and it ruined my nerves, affected my heart, and made me a sallow, bilious old man, but, through a friend who had been similarly afflicted, I found a blessed relief and want to tell you about it. Try Postum Food Coffee, a grateful, delicious beverage, full of nourishment, that will satisfy your taste for coffee and feed your nervous system back into health, rather than tear it down, as coffee has been doing.'

"I took my friend's advice, and within a week from that time my digestion seemed perfect, I slept a sweet, refreshing sleep all night, and my heart quit its quivering and jumping. I have been steadily gaining in health and vitality right along."



INVITED VISITORS ENTERING THE MILBURN HOUSE TO ATTEND THE SIMPLE FUNERAL-SERVICE.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.



BEARING THE PRECIOUS REMAINS FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE, IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT DIED.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.



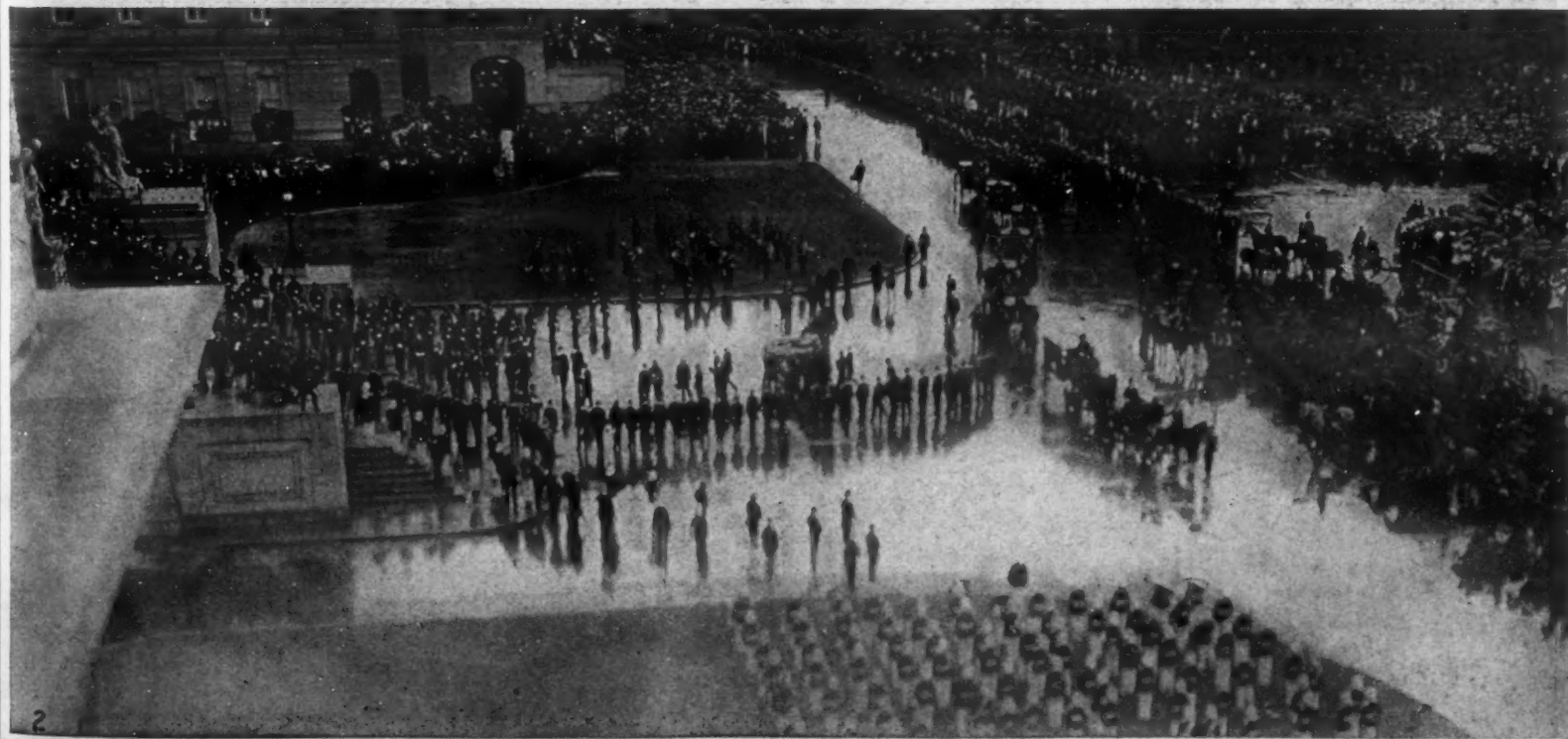
CARRYING THE CASKET FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE TO THE HEARSE.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.



TRANSFERRING THE FLOWER-COVERED CASKET TO THE HEARSE, FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE CITY HALL.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.

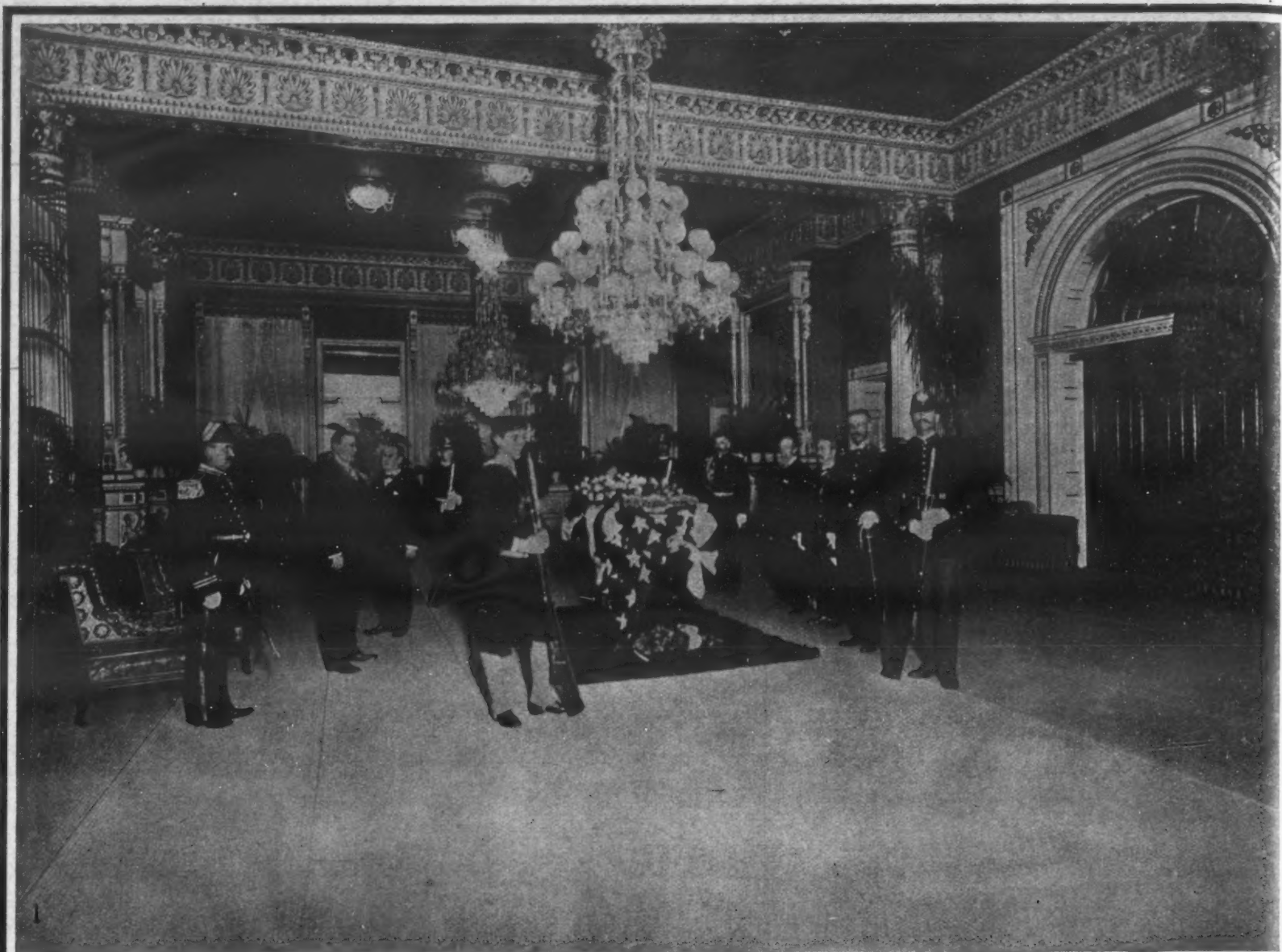
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT BUFFALO, ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, ROBERT LEE DUNN.—COPYRIGHT BY JUDGE COMPANY, 1901. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!"

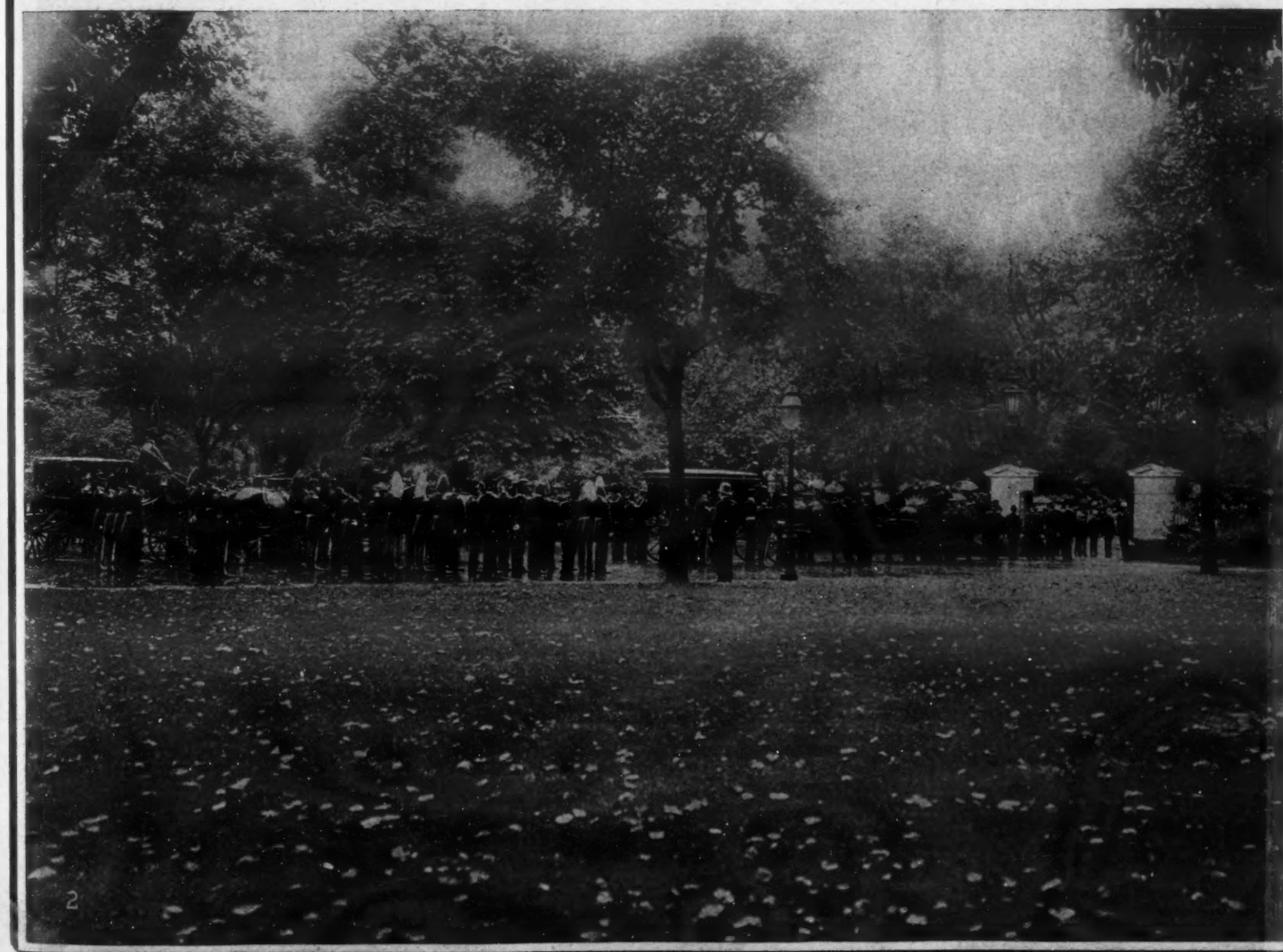
1. THE CROWD POURING INTO THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE REMAINS OF THE BELOVED PRESIDENT. 2. THE MARINE BAND (IN THE FOREGROUND) PLAYING THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE HYMN, IN WHICH THE VAST CROWD OF SPECTATORS TEARFULLY JOINED, WHILE THE CASKET WAS BEING BORN TOWARD THE STEPS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.



THE REMAINS OF THE PRESIDENT LYING IN STATE AT WASHINGTON.

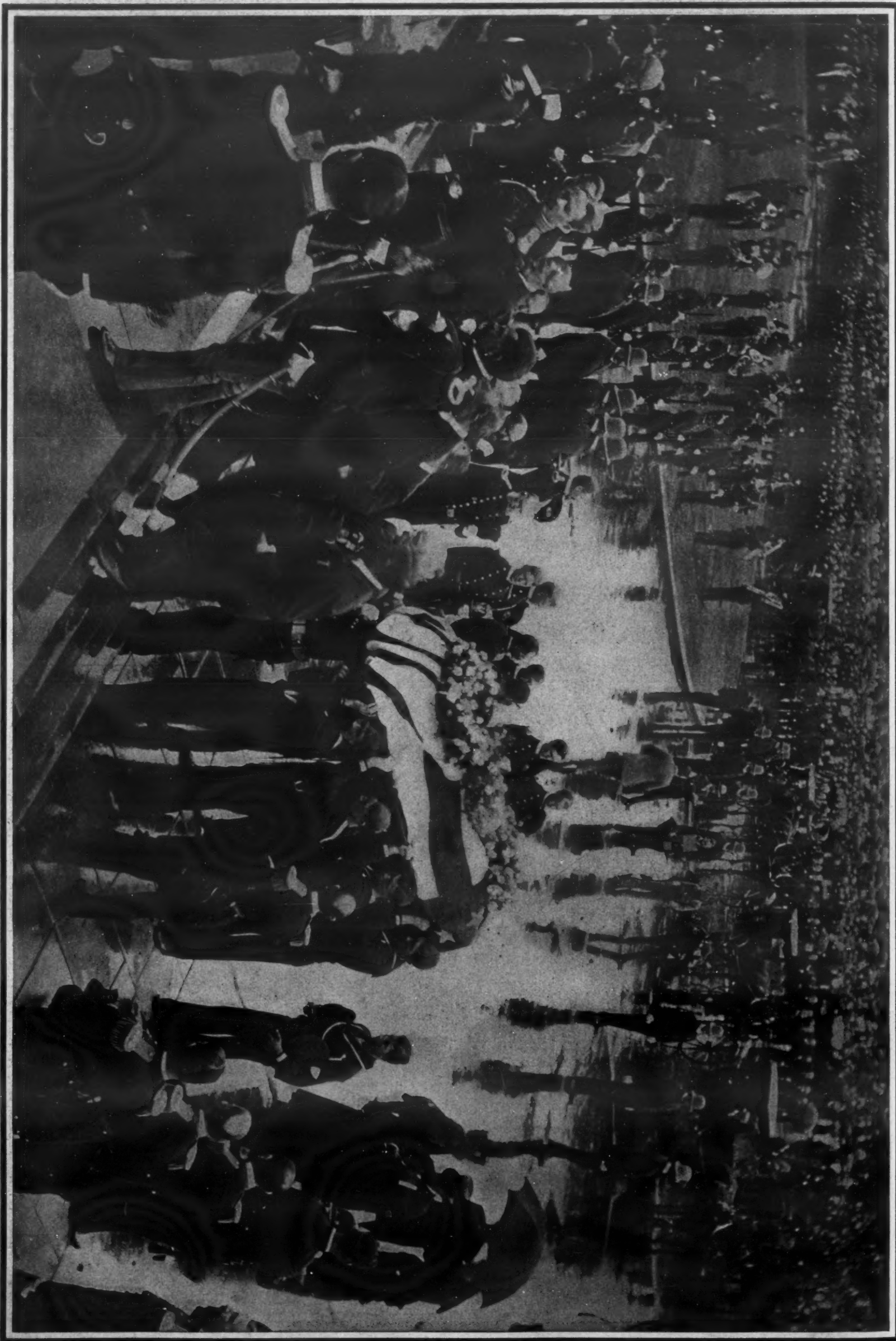
1. IN THE BEAUTIFUL EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, GUARDED BY TWO MARINES, A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TWO MEMBERS OF THE G. A. R., AND TWO OF THE LOYAL LEGION. 2. IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.—AROUND THE WALLS ARE MAGNIFICENT FLORAL TRIBUTES, INCLUDING THOSE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AND THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN. HERE THE PUBLIC VIEWED THE REMAINS.

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LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE LAST TIME.

1. THE MOURNFUL PROCESSION FROM THE PORTICO TO THE GATE, LED BY THE GUARD OF HONOR. 2. THE HEARSE AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE, FOLLOWED BY THE ARMY CONTINGENT ON THE RIGHT, AND THE NAVY ON THE LEFT.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by its Staff Artist, R. L. Dunn.
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TAKING THE PRESIDENT'S BODY TO THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

THE CASKET WAS FOLLOWED BY THE MOURNERS, WITH ABNER AND MRS. MCKINLEY AT THEIR HEAD.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



THE LIBRARY OF THE WILCOX RESIDENCE AT BUFFALO, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE. PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY.



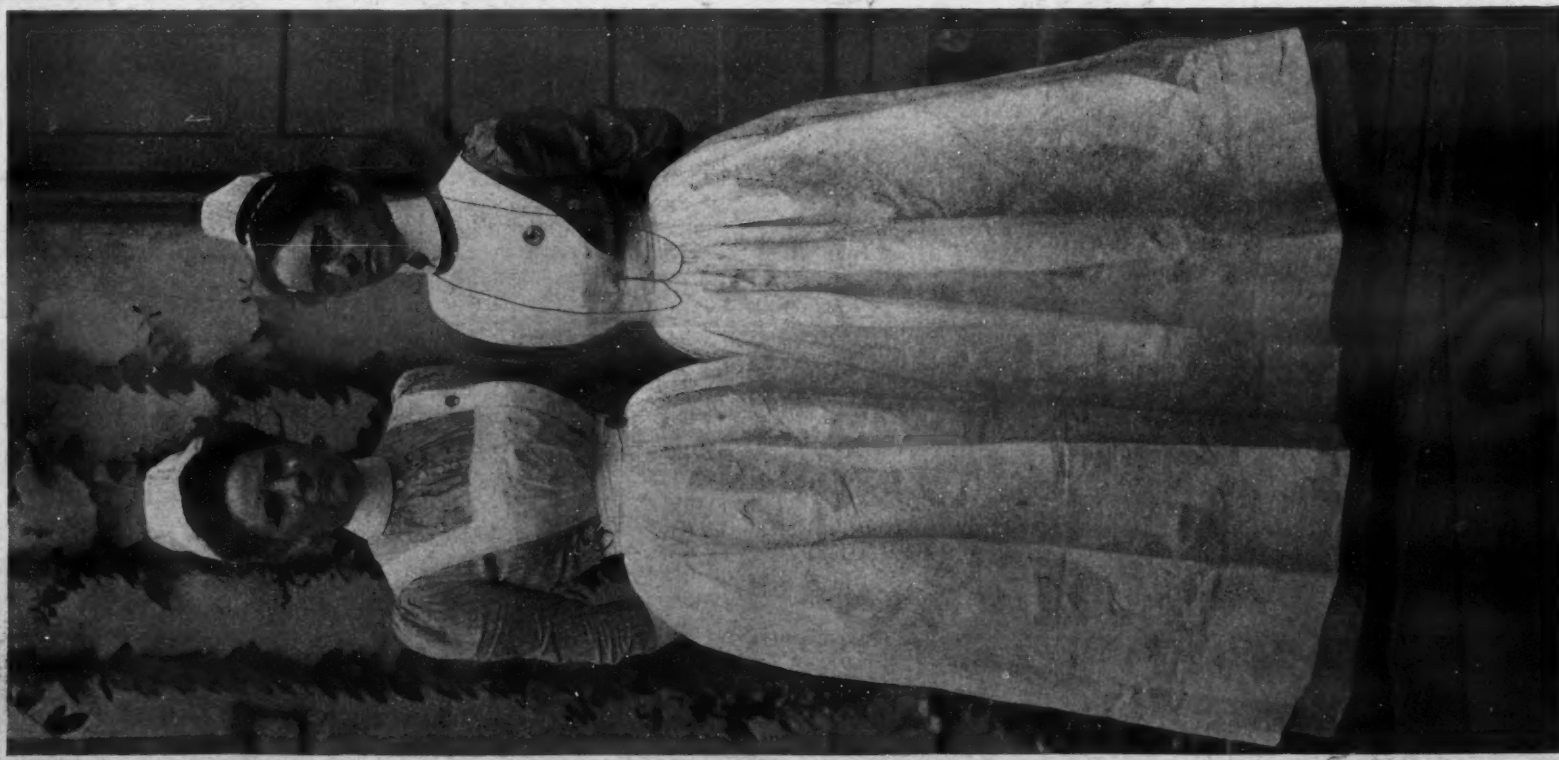
MR. ANSLEY WILCOX, WHO ENTERTAINED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT BUFFALO.



THE WILCOX HOME, IN WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WAS SWORN IN.

THE NEW PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE.

THE BUFFALO HOME WHICH WAS MADE HISTORIC BY THE RECENT TRAGEDY AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.



THE TRAINED NURSES WHO ATTENDED THE PRESIDENT AT THE
EMERGENCY HOSPITAL.
MISS KATHERINE R. SIMMONS, OF NEW HAVEN, AND MISS BARNES.—Photographed
by C. D. Arnold. Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY DURING THEIR BUFFALO VISIT.
DR. RIXEY IS BY MRS. MCKINLEY'S SIDE, AND SECRET-SERVICE DETECTIVE FOSTER BEHIND THEM.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly,"
Judge Company, 1901.

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REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY LYING IN STATE AT THE BUFFALO CITY HALL, SEPTEMBER 15th.

THIS, THE FIRST AND ONLY FLASH-LIGHT PICTURE, WAS MADE JUST BEFORE THE PUBLIC WERE ADMITTED. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS VIEWED THE REMAINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ROBERT LEE DUNN. COPYRIGHT BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, 1901.



WHILE the doctors were heroically attempting, by artificial stimulants, to sustain the life of the dying President, the magnates of Wall Street were pledging themselves to provide \$35,000,000 to prevent a break in the stock market. With the President assassinated, with the New York bank reserves almost exhausted, with the fear of tight money so general that the extraordinary course of calling for aid from the Secretary of the Treasury had to be resorted to—a call always reserved for the gravest emergencies—we had a determined effort made to create a bull movement. For a time it seemed to succeed, just as other preceding efforts have been temporarily successful; the one, for instance, after the panic last May, the one that followed the official report of the corn-crop failure, and the one that immediately followed the shooting of the President. This extraordinary condition reveals two things: first, the tremendous power of the great financial interests that have combined to sustain prices, and, second, the serious character of the situation which they have been obliged to meet.

The end of the steel strike, resulting in the utter discomfiture and failure of the strikers, was a bull argument, and the only one aside from the general prosperity of the country in nearly every line of business. The most important bull factor, however, continues to be the belief that the leaders of the market have still in view

PUBLIC NOTICES.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,
NO. 57 CHAMBERS STREET,
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1901.
TAXPAYERS WHO DESIRE TO OBTAIN THEIR bills promptly should make immediate written requisition (blank may be procured in the borough offices), stating their property by section or Ward, Block and Lot or Map number, making copy of same from their bills of last year.
If a taxpayer is assessed for personal tax, the requisition should also request bill for such tax.
Each requisition should be accompanied by an envelope bearing the proper address of the applicant and with return postage prepaid.
In case of any doubt in regard to Ward, Section, Block or Lot number, Taxpayers should take their deeds to the Department of Taxes and Assessment and have their property located on the maps of that Department and forward to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes with the requisition a certified memorandum of their property, which will be furnished by the Department of Taxes and Assessment.
Taxpayers in this manner will receive their bills at the earliest possible moment and avoid any delay caused by waiting on lines, as is required in case of personal application.
The requisition must be addressed and mailed to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes in whatever borough the property is located, as follows:
John J. McDonough, No. 57 Chambers Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York.
John B. Underhill, corner Third and Tremont avenues, Borough of the Bronx, New York.
James B. Bouck, Municipal Building, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.
Frederick W. Bleckwenn, corner Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens, New York.
Matthew S. Tully, Richmond Building, Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, Borough of Richmond, New York.
DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

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GLIMPSE AT WALL STREET AND ITS
MARKETS," MONTHLY FLUCTUATION
SHEETS, DAILY AND WEEKLY RE-
PORTS. COMMISSION, 1-16. MODERATE MARGINS.

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John, N. B.; Montreal, Toronto, and London, Eng.

the perfecting of plans for consolidations and agreements that will give new life and strength to many stocks. There have been rumors of a great Vanderbilt billion-dollar corporation to be organized to take in all the railroads allied with that interest; renewed rumors of a Gould combine that promises much for Wabash, Texas Pacific, and Missouri Pacific, and there has been more talk of a dividend on Southern Pacific. But talk is cheap, and unless some of these bull rumors materialize shortly the market cannot be expected to hold its strength. In the industrial field, and in some directions in the railroad world, there are weak spots. The failure to increase the dividend on St. Paul, the very bad report of Linseed Oil, and of the Republic Iron and Steel Company show that there must be a clearing-out sale before the market can expect a material advance.

It is amusing to find wildly enthusiastic bull writers predicting that the low-priced shares of to-day will shortly be placed on the footing of such gilt-edged securities as New York Central, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, St. Paul, Northwest, and Jersey Central. It is simply ridiculous to predict that railroad stocks selling at from \$6 to \$40 per share "will, in the not far distant future, be selling at from \$150 to \$200, and on the same plane as New York Central, Jersey Central, and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western." We heard such talk when Garfield was assassinated, but within a year the pendulum of prosperity had swung the other way, and we were in the throes of a depression that intensified with time. The simple truth is that good crops and general business conditions have made the people feel that they are wealthy, and have led to liberal expenditures for luxuries, for railroad trips, and excursions of an expensive character. Many railroads reveal by their annual reports that the increased earnings come largely from the rapid growth of their passenger business. Luxuries are among the first things that people forego when hard times come, and first among these luxuries will be pleasure excursions on the railways.

With half of a corn crop and all that that implies in reduced shipments of grain and hog products, and with less money coming into the farmers of the West, less money will go out from his pockets. The railways will inevitably suffer. Their earnings early in the new year, if not before, will confirm this statement. The recent rise in the market on the day of the President's funeral came both as the result of strong support to stocks by interested syndicates and as the result of the elimination of a short interest, which made it easy to advance prices. Attention is called to the fact that conditions now are analogous to those of 1881, when Garfield was assassinated. Then the corn crop was a failure, and a corner in Hannibal and St. Joe gave the market a severe wrench. Money became stringent, the Treasury was called upon for help, and every effort was made to sustain stocks on the high plane on which they had been put. If history repeats itself in other things, why should it not do so in the stock market? One thing is certain, and that is that we are not enjoying the prospects of easy money.

We are told that higher money means large imports of gold, but the strained financial situation in Germany, in Russia, and even in England, will make these nations struggle to retain their stores of the precious metal. I still believe that a bull movement at this time is not to be expected and that prices will be lower before the close of the year.

"A. H.," Cincinnati: The parties are not rated by the mercantile agency.

"G. W. B.," Boston: No information obtainable about the company. Doubt if your stock has any value. No stamp enclosed.

"W. E. F.," New York: The question is a legal one, and the lawyer should answer it. It does not pertain to Wall Street affairs.

"M.," Fairhaven, Mass.: Neither party is rated high. I advise against such a course. It is extremely hazardous, with four out of five chances against you.

"H.," Springfield, Mass.: It is impossible to advise without knowing your particular capabilities. A man "without capital or technical knowledge" is dependent on himself for the discovery of his opportunities in a business way.

"G.," New Orleans: The recent annual report of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas shows an increase in net earnings of nearly \$500,000, after large expenditures for improvements. A continuance of prosperous conditions should give increased value to the stock.

"Reader," Richmond, Ind.: The annual report of the American Smelting Company shows very large earnings and a balance to the credit of profit and loss at the end of the fiscal year of nearly \$4,000,000. (2) The Western Union's latest quarterly report showed an increase in net revenues of \$144,000.

"W.," Elizabeth, N. J.: Impossible to obtain satisfactory information regarding the mining company. I advise against the purchase of its stock. (2) Southern Railway common sold last year as low as \$10 or \$11 a share, and has been advanced to three times those figures. Its friends are evidently discounting the future, even if it promises to be a good one.

"T. B.," Philadelphia: The North American Company is believed to be largely controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan, and it is the impression that it is to be utilized by him in connection with the anthracite coal deal. Some believe it will sell very much higher, and the strength of the stock, whenever the market declines, shows that it is being picked up, apparently, by insiders.

"J. P. O.," New York: You certainly ought to have redress for the swindle that was apparently practiced upon you by the promoters of the copper company. I would ask the advice of a lawyer, but if he finds the promoters of the scheme have no financial responsibility, I would not waste money pursuing the matter for the mere sake of satisfaction.

"X. Y. Z.," Winsted, Conn.: The Phoenix Consolidated Copper Company has a capital of 100,000 shares, par value \$25 each, and assessable. It controls about 2,500 acres of ore lands in Michigan, which have never been very productive. It is purely a speculative stock, and would not advise its purchase for investment. (2) Not rated by the commercial agencies.

"J. E.," Brockton, Mass.: I think American Ice preferred is one of the cheapest of the dividend-paying industrials. The recent litigation and the public agitation attending it have depressed the stock and made it unpopular, but its earnings are large and its dividends seem to be assured. (2) A paucity of market is usually a good market for the bargain hunter.

"S.," St. Paul, Minn.: I would not advise the purchase of certificates in the C. E. Mackay & Co.'s "Investors' Fund." If you have read this department regularly, you will readily understand the reason why. Keep your money in the savings-bank for good opportunities to buy stocks at a low level. Then buy them outright and put them away. This is the only absolutely safe course for a beginner.

"W.," Orange, Mass.: The United Shoe Machinery Company was incorporated a little over two years ago, with \$12,500,000 of common stock, par value \$25, and \$12,500,000 preferred, six per cent., cumulative stock, par \$25. There are also bonds amounting to about \$300,000 ahead of the stock. Last year eight per cent. was paid on the common stock, at the rate of two per cent. quarterly. The common stock recently sold at about \$40 a share. It is a fair industrial.

"Careful," St. Paul, Minn.: I agree with you that the loss, by reason of the failure of the corn crop, will not be made up by the advance in the price of that cereal. Confirmation of this conclusion is found in the statement of the State Industrial Bureau of Nebraska, to the effect that Nebraska's corn crop in money value will bring forty per cent. less than the crop of last year, or \$25,000,000, as against \$43,000,000. If this is the result in one corn State, what will be the aggregate loss in all the States?

"E.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: The four stocks you mention are all among the cheapest on the list. Duluth, Sea Shore and Atlantic Railroad sold a year ago at \$4 a share and has been boosted up to \$12. Its earnings do not indicate that the stock has an immediate prospect of an advance. Rubber common, American Maltine common, and Standard Rope and Twine have all had their boom and passed through a process of liquidation. With an industrial revival they offer good speculative chances. But will there be such a revival? At present, I think not.

"R.," Middleton, N. Y.: I still believe in the future of Kansas City Southern preferred. A dividend on it was earned last year, and the declaration of a dividend, which will come in time, if prosperous conditions continue, ought to make the stock valuable. (2) Detroit Southern common has just been reorganized. The stock looks fair for a speculative flyer. (3) The firm has a good standing. (4) American Locomotive common represents water. It is a new industrial, and if the railroad business continues as good as it has been it ought to sell higher.

"Investor," Hartford, Conn.: I would not sacrifice my Metropolitan Street Railway stock. The recent annual report made a bad showing on its face, but really the property is doing remarkably well. (2) The man who was advertising under the name of F. G. Keene & Co., to sell valuable inside information regarding the stock market to those who would intrust their money to him, has been arrested on the charge of using the mails with intent to defraud. I earnestly advise my readers to keep away from all persons who advertise wonderful returns for small investments and make preposterous guarantees.

"L.," Boston: The drop in Amalgamated Copper recently was due to attacks on the stock, based on the circular of a former employe, which went to show that the company was accumulating an enormous stock of unsold copper, in an earnest effort to maintain the price of that commodity at a high level. This statement was de-

nied, but it leads to the reflection that if the consumption of copper should diminish, the price would have to be reduced, and the effect on Amalgamated dividends would soon be unpleasant. Efforts in the past, on a large scale, to control the copper market have failed. Perhaps the Standard Oil interests can do better. There is no doubt that they are working to dominate the copper market.

"C.," Kansas City: In an uncertain market like this, it is difficult to select any particular stock to buy or sell at long range. One day's reports, apparently well grounded, tend to depress prices, and the next day contradictory reports appear, which advance them. One should be on the ground fully equipped to meet emergencies, to deal successfully at such a time. It was different when the market was on a low plane and the entire drift toward an advance. I have believed, and still believe, in lower prices, but until the deals and combinations and agreements long projected are carried out or fully understood, we will have a fluctuating market with the drift toward a lower level.

"Observer," Providence, R. I.: There is no doubt that many railroads in the far West, Southwest, and the Pacific are doing much better now than ever before, because of the growth of the population in what were formerly regarded as waste places. This accounts for the increased earnings of many railroads that were bankrupt ten or twenty years ago, and for the expectation that they will become regular dividend payers in due time. It was recently stated that the Gila Valley, Globe and Northern Railway, operating from Bowie to Globe, in Arizona, in a region which, a few years ago was without any transportation facilities, is now developing a large local traffic.

"S.," Denver, Col.: I would not sell Colorado Fuel and Iron short with the iron market in its present condition. The company has a very large property, including an abundance of coal and iron lands, and it might be something of a competitor with the United States Steel Corporation. The possibilities of its absorption by the latter must always be borne in mind. (2) The Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek district railway first mortgage five per cent. gold bonds, offered by Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, around 96 and accrued interest, appear, from the report of the experts, to offer an excellent opportunity for investment. (2) It is the general belief that Southern Pacific will be manipulated for a further rise by Union Pacific interests which control it. (3) The annual report of the Wabash shows that its local traffic, owing to the increasing density of population along its line, is constantly growing. It runs through a splendid territory, and bids fair to become one of the most important of the Gould lines. I would buy the B Debentures rather than the preferred stock.

NEW YORK, September 21st, 1901.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

I AM glad to receive so many letters from readers of this column, cordially upholding my views of the inadequacy, instability, and efficiency of the life-insurance features of the benevolent and fraternal orders. These letters, as a rule, come from those who have been members, or are still members, of the fraternal orders, and in every instance their personal experience attests the correctness of my views. All through the country the State insurance departments are appealing for more stringent safeguards around the operations of the fraternal benefit orders, and the various legislatures are promptly passing laws to protect the public in this matter. It seems absurd to require legislation in such matters, yet the public seems to be so gullible, so thoughtless, and so easily deceived that legislation alone will save the people from themselves.

"P.," Newport, Ark.: Do you mean the New York Mutual Life?

"H.," Akron, O.: The twenty-year endowment would appear to suit your case. (2) I prefer the plan of the Prudential to that which the Metropolitan offers you.

"M. L.," New York: The Germania Life is not one of the largest, but it is one of the strongest of the smaller companies. I do not think it well for any one to put all his eggs in one basket, and would advise you to take out the new policy in one of the strongest of the old-line companies, such as the Equitable, Mutual Life, or the New York Life, or any company of that class.

"L.," Des Moines, Ia.: The insurance department of Iowa, in the recent reports submitted by the commissioner, says that the Mutual Reserve is paying its losses in accordance with its contracts and charter. This company is trying to get on an old-line basis, and has been having a hard road to travel for the past year, but its officers insist that they will succeed in the effort they are making.

"P.," Worcester, Mass.: The two companies you name are not in the same class as the Equitable. They are engaged in what is known as "industrial insurance," but are strong companies of their kind. (2) I am not surprised to hear that your friend in Worcester Lodge, No. 56, of Massachusetts, is disgusted with his experience and delighted with his policy in the old-line company. He is justified in his conclusion that "if he had ten lives to live he would not have anything more to do with the fraternal benefit orders." That is the conclusion that all the members will reach in due season.

The Hermit.

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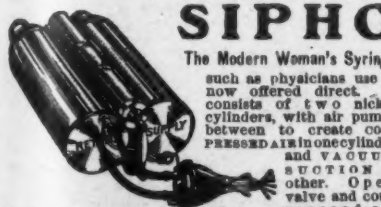
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THE ADVANCE GUARDS OF CIVILIZATION.

THE NICKEL PLATE RAILROAD.

NEVER since the beginning of its history has Buffalo come into such prominence as the city enjoys this moment. The financier, the merchant, the manufacturer, each claims his share of credit for the city's growth and development. Yet each reckons without his host and neglects to award the guerdon to the rightful owners, namely, the railways—the advance guards of civilization under all circumstances. Had it not been for the railways, of which the great Nickel Plate is one of the most eminent of all the lines threading Buffalo, this city today would still have been in its swaddling-clothes, with the nursing-bottle in its mouth.

This is amongst the most perfectly and completely equipped railway lines in the world, and its title of "the popular low-rate short line" has been honestly earned. And just now it happens that its service is to be called forth in a manner which, although taxing its carrying facilities to a vast degree, at the same time no duty towards its patrons will be left undone. For comfort, speed, and general excellence, the Nickel Plate has no peer—and for this reason it has gained the distinction of being designated as the possessor of "A peerless trio"—due to the fact of the three express trains that are sent over its line daily. From any distance east as far as Boston and west to Chicago, the Nickel Plate offers accommodations such as dining and sleeping cars, and unexcelled personal service. Solid through trains with vestibuled sleepers are run daily over the West Shore line from New York City to Buffalo, and on the daily runs, both from Chicago and from Boston, through buffet sleeping-cars are made a feature of the service. And the Pan-American Exposition once gone over, no line affords better opportunities of sight-seeing than the Nickel Plate, reaching out, as it does, to the points of universal interest, such as the Niagara Falls and Chautauque Lake. And it is to these Meccas that the eyes of the great republic are turned with as deep a longing and as eminent a degree of joyous anticipation as ever marked the efforts of tourists to catch a glimpse of these famous spots. Niagara Falls—"the thunderer of waters"—never before offered the attractions that so distinguish this resort at the present moment. The electric installations have combined to make the Falls a romantic, wild fairy scene—in addition to which the gorge and the whirlpool and numberless other features lend to the enchantment.

A specialty is made of the individual club meals served only on the Nickel Plate, and which since their introduction have proved popular. They range in price from 35 cents to \$1.00, and meet the popular demand better than any other form. One dollar covers the entire bill of fare. At à-la-carte prices this would amount to several dollars, while a light eater can secure a meal for 35 cents. The service is not excelled by that of any of the trunk lines, nor are the appurtenances of the dining-car and buffet equaled by any. The water used is from the famous Puritas Springs, at Rockford, O.

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Put in colander

Cook's Flaked Rice

HOW TO PREPARE

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

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COOK'S FLAKED RICE tempts the most capricious and satisfies the strongest appetite.

COOK'S FLAKED RICE is not advertised specifically as an infants' food, nevertheless it is a perfect one.



Salt the water



Pour water through

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Empty into dish

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In the World of Sports

Foot-ball Preparations.—As this has been the greatest year we have ever had for practically all branches of outdoor sport it is reasonable to expect a particularly lively foot-ball season. The players in both college and athletic clubs are now hard at work, and there will be no let up until the season ends late in November. In no branch of sport on both sides of the Atlantic is the same attention given to preliminary training as in this robust and healthy pastime. The coaches and trainers study both the physical and mental qualities of the candidates, for a dunce would never make a great gridiron hero were he as strong as a Sandow and as supple as a Terry McGovern. Physical powers are, of course, essential, especially in the line, but to be able to think and act on the instant is just as necessary. A slow thinker in the heat of a foot-ball struggle would be just as much out of place as he would be in a sparring match or base-ball game. The rule-makers have been hard at work during the summer, yet few changes have been made. The changes, as a general thing, render more explicit the existing rules and place sufficient power in the hands of the officials to enforce those rules. If this is done blackguardism and unnecessary roughness are seldom met with. As in other sports, however, the rules are not always enforced, and then the troubles begin. One of the changes which should bear good fruit is the clause that puts a greater penalty upon the team that intentionally delays the game. The enforcement of this rule will affect the spectators agreeably, and ought to have much to do with stopping unnecessary delays and wrangles. Many of the great games of the past have been made tedious to the thousands of on-lookers owing to the time consumed while some player, ostensibly wounded, is being revived. When a player is incapacitated from continuing in the game he should be removed to the side lines and a substitute put in his place. The new rules provide that if either team delays the game for more than two minutes for any cause the offending team shall lose five yards. This is a good rule, but will it be enforced? I am afraid not. If it is enforced no captain will dare take any chance of losing so much ground, and the result ought to be snappy games of the continuous, blood-stirring order. Lightness in clothing and harness has been made a special study during the last year, and as speed means a minimum of weight the games ought to be faster and more spectacular than ever.

Sculling Champion.—C. S. Titus, the sculling champion, is a quaint, bronzed-faced, athletic-looking fellow, but in street clothes one would not think that he possessed the physical powers necessary to propel a boat through the water in rowing contests. He is from New Orleans, and is the typical Southerner in manner and speech. Possessing a flow of humor seldom encountered in the sporting world, Titus is a companionable chap to meet at any time. He is ambitious to duplicate Ten Eyck's success abroad, and believes with his friends that he has an excellent chance to capture the diamond sculls from the fastest oarsman on the other side of the Atlantic. He is almost a pigmy physically, compared with the retired champion, but his muscles are tempered like steel and he does not carry an ounce of superfluous flesh. Titus is a modest, unassuming fellow, bound to be one of the universally popular champions.

Horsemen Frolic.—This has been a particularly busy year on the race-track and the casual visitor to the running track, where the kings of the turf show their speed, seldom sees the better side of the horseman's life. On racing days, in the wild scramble for the mighty dol-

lars, the crush and rush and bluster, one forms opinions of the owner, trainer, and jockey which would have been quickly dispelled had he visited the Sheepshead Bay race-track the other day and attended the annual clam-bake of the horsemen admirably arranged by Frank F. Clarke and James Villepigue. Here the owner, trainer, jockey, bookmaker, writer, and stable-boy met upon a plane of social equality and enjoyed sweet corn, chicken, lobster, sweet potatoes, and other delicacies, as they can only be prepared in an artistic clam-bake. There were fluids in plenty, of costly sort, to wash down the good things, and that portion of the outside world which was permitted to feast with them had a better opinion of the horsemen, big and little, than they ever did before.

Base-ball.—The failure of the New York base-ball team and the success of the Pittsburgh and Brooklyn teams will not surprise those who follow closely the doings in the sporting world. The one-time Giants have been handled without rhyme or reason, and I for one do not expect to see much change for the better under the conditions as they have existed in New York during the last few years. Base-ball is a peculiar game in its way, and a man of Freedman's temperament is not likely to make much of a success of handling a team. Devoid of sentiment and local pride, his only interest after a contest is to find out how much money there was in the grounds. This policy has been known to work all right in some lines of trade in the neighborhood of Chatham Square, but it won't do in base-ball. Brooklyn had hard luck with her pitchers during the first half of the season, which accounted for her delayed spurt toward the front. Pittsburgh has played consistent base-ball all of the season, and the team presided over by Clarke and Dreyfuss deserves all of the credit which will come to it. Consistent hitting is what brought the Philadelphias near the top and made them a factor in the National League race. In the American League race Chicago and Boston have had the affair between themselves all of the season, which detracted materially from the general interest in the games of this young but energetic organization.

Get Out Your Wheel.—This is the time of the year when the visitors to the seashore and mountains come trooping back to town and city. Many of them will bring their bicycles with them and throw them into the cellar with other rubbish. Don't do it. This is the time of the year when wheeling is the most delightful, and when riding in moderation will add health and happiness to any sort of an individual. The roads are generally good, and a tour through the surrounding districts in the first blush of fall weather adds a glow to the cheek and a brightness to the eye that two months in the mountains in the warm weather could not duplicate. So keep your wheel in commission and ride up to snow-fall, and, if you are sensible, ride occasionally whenever the weather permits during the entire winter. Sensible exercise in the open air is better than all of the tonics the famous physicians of the world ever thought of prescribing.

The Yachts.—The practical failure of the *Constitution* was expected in many quarters, and I am rather astonished at the number of men who are supposed to know who are beginning to think that Lipton will this time lift the cup which this country has held for so many years. The betting has veered around recently, and I would not be surprised to see the *Shamrock II.* the favorite before long. Still betting does not decide yacht races, and the heart of most Americans will beat in entire sympathy with the noble old sea-flyer, the *Columbia*.

Automobile Test.—The great automobile endurance test between New York and Rochester was a success from the time the idea first suggested itself to the members of the Automobile Club of America. It was in no sense a race, and was made to give a thorough test as to the practical use of the horseless vehicle up to date. The death of the President brought all contests to an end.

A New Rowing Gig.—Something entirely new in the rowing line was introduced at the Middle States Regatta on the Harlem River on Labor Day. It is the invention of Fred Plaistead, the veteran oarsman and trainer, and whether this was a case of necessity being the mother of invention or not I cannot say positively. It looks that way. The boat is nothing but a four-oared shell converted into a four-oared gig, with the coxswain sitting near the bow, instead of in the usual place at the stern. The top of the old shell has been taken off and wash-boards placed on each side. These wash-boards are of light pine, which reduces the total weight of the boat to about 160 pounds, or at least forty pounds lighter than the average boat of this class. The coxswain steers with a cross bar on a pivot, the bars connecting with copper wires which run along the sides of the gig to the rudder. The boat moves smoothly through the water, and did not seem to lurch as much as did those with the coxswain in the stern.

Foot-ball Coming.—When you meet several young men in earnest consultation, each with a bunch of chrysanthemums on top of his head, looking not unlike varicolored mops, it does not mean that they cannot afford a hair-cut, but that the foot-ball practice season is approaching. The game this year promises to be interesting, and the talk from Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and the other great universities of the East would indicate that strenuous efforts will be made this fall to turn out good teams. Even Columbia is more sanguine than usual and admits that if she can only add Harvard's scalp to her list this year she will be satisfied. Columbia carries over almost her entire eleven, and with Sanford to coach, the New Yorkers' chances on the gridiron this year look particularly encouraging. Weeks is one of the greatest ground-gainers in the country, and as he is in fine shape at present he will be heard from this year.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

[READERS are invited to consult the sporting editor on perplexing sporting problems. A stamp should always be inclosed with an inquiry, as a personal reply may be deemed proper. Address Sporting Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

"Percy Wilson," Washington: N. E. Young has been the secretary-treasurer and president of the National Base-ball League for over twenty years.

"John C. Owen," Baltimore: Most of the experts with the shot gun use No. 9's for quail early in the season, going to 8's as the shooting season begins to wane.

"New York Amateur," "Dick" Findley caught on the New York team for a short season after leaving Columbia. He has not played professionally since.

"John Sage," Cleveland: Maud S. made her great record driven in a high-wheel sulky. It is a question whether Crescens could beat 2:08½ if driven in a similar contrivance.

"Steve McClave," Chicago: There is no regular foot-ball league. The winners in the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton games are generally regarded as the champions of the year.

"Golfer," Chicago: None of the Western players have ever been able to win a championship in the East. Lack of familiarity with the links may have had something to do with the result, as you suggest.

"Nellie Henry," Glens Falls: The average weight for such a bicycle as you mention is from 23 to 27 pounds. The manufacturers have found it impossible to reduce the weight much in the loop-frame wheel.

"Ben. Jordan," San Francisco: In traveling from 'Frisco to Chicago on a bicycle it might be well to consult the L. A. W. road books to be had in the districts through which you propose to travel. It would be better still to talk with veteran road riders in the cities through which you pass.

"William Lang," Philadelphia: In a game of twenty-one the general rule is that an exposed card must be taken. In poker an exposed card in the second draw is thrown out and another card given in its place after all the players have been served.

"L. Lloyd," Springfield, Mass.: "Jimmy" Michael was born at Abernethy, Wales, and is about 25 years of age. He has been married. He came to this country in 1896 and his present home is in New York City. He was a butcher's boy before becoming a professional rider.

"William Iselin," Boston: In a game of draw poker where the limit is agreed upon one can call for the lesser amount in front of him, but if he loses the wager he is supposed to retire. In a table stake game one can bet all that is in front of him and between plays he can purchase more chips. No matter what the wager, he is always privileged to call for the amount in front of him or in his possession in play.

G. E. S.

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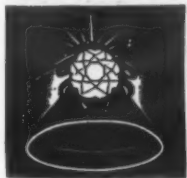
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WILLIAM E. S. FALES,
in the Journalist.

She is delicate and sweet;
She is pretty and petite;
Her hair is either fluffy or in curl.
And a man with any taste
Would go far to clasp her waist:
While her dainty ankles make your senses whirl.

When I see her, calm and bland,
With a kodak in her hand,
Prepared to take a snap-shot, sun or rain,
My eyes have snapped her face
In its witchery and grace
And have printed it in colors on my brain.

How I hope that in her glee
She has had a shot at me
With the kodak which she carries in her hand.
For I know my photograph
In her eyes will loving laugh
When she puts it on the mantel in a stand.



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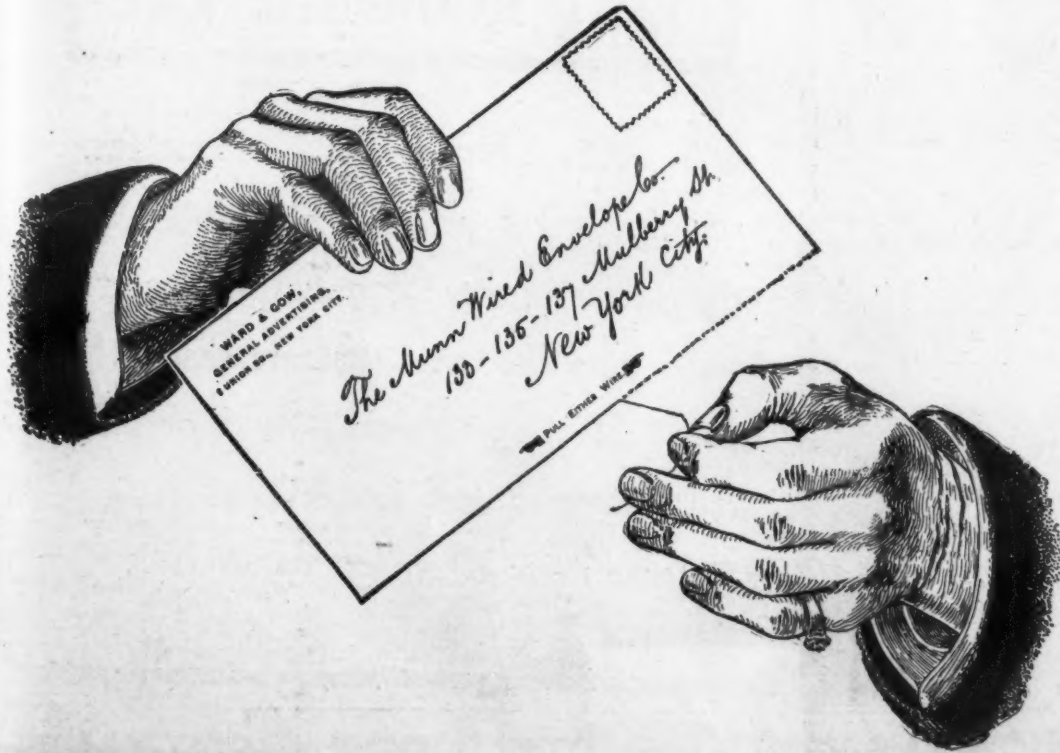
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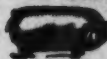
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